

THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY 1943



How American it is... to want something better!



SURE this war-plant worker looks forward to "something better"—resuming study for her chosen career, that long-planned trip or to marriage.

That's why she's putting a healthy part of her earnings into war bonds and stamps—to speed the return of peace and all the other things which help make this "the land of something better."

Some of us can help most in the front lines, others on production lines—*all* of us can buy war bonds and stamps!



EVEN IN WARTIME, free America still enjoys many "better things" which are not available to less fortunate peoples. P. Ballantine & Sons, makers of "something better" in moderate beverages—Ballantine—America's largest selling ale.

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.



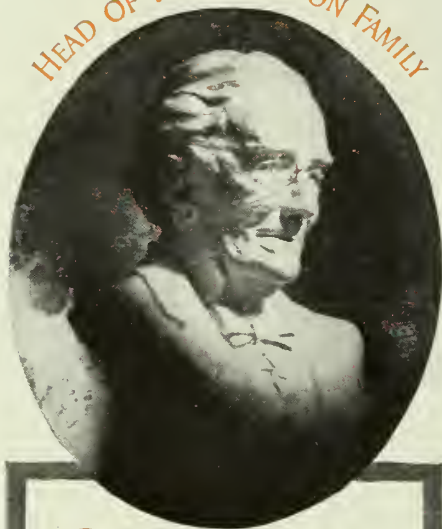


SO YOU WON'T RUN, EH, ADOLF!

BY WALT DISNEY

Two or three months ago the nazi fuehrer told his people that he would not take it on the lam the way the kaiser did in 1918. Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck and Goofy, surveying the situation with philosophic calm, wonder where he *could* run, now that the Russian Bear, the Chinese Dragon, the British Lion and the American Eagle are moving in for the kill. If you look closely you'll see Musso and Hirohito also

HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY



IT'S AN ILLUSTRIOUS family—this bourbon family—with many distinguished members. But Old Grand-Dad heads it . . . heads it unmistakably, as one taste will tell you. There's sunny mellowness to Old Grand-Dad, rare fragrance, a delightful taste. You will like it from the first. And you will never stop liking it.

ONE TASTE WILL
TELL YOU WHY

TAX NOTE: You pay no tax on the quality of a whiskey—only on the quantity. Why not choose the best?



BOTTLED IN BOND, 100 PROOF

National Distillers Products Corporation, N. Y.



THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



February, 1943

Vol. 34, No. 2

Postmaster: Please send notices on form 3578 and copies returned under labels form 3579 to 777 N. Meridian St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Published monthly by The American Legion, 455 West 22d St., Chicago, Ill. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of Oct. 3, 1917, authorized Jan. 5, 1925. Price, single copy, 15 cents, yearly subscription, \$1.25

EXECUTIVE AND ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES
Indianapolis, Indiana

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES
One Park Avenue, New York City

The Message Center

IN THE January issue of Reader's Digest is an absorbing article titled *Yank Meets Jap in Fight to Finish* that should be read by every American.

A GOOD many pre-conceived ideas of what happens in warfare have had to be revised since the fighting broke out in September, 1939. One of



Brigadier General Hanford MacNider writes a letter to his wife from an Australian hospital where he is recovering from eight wounds he got in the New Guinea fighting

them is the hoary one that generals die in bed, meaning that once a man
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IMPORTANT: A form for your convenience if you wish to have the magazine sent to another address will be found on page 55.

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The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

WHEN PURCHASING PRODUCTS PLEASE MENTION THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

"Pass the Ammunition!"

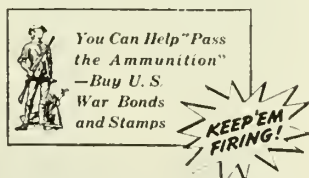


OLDSMOBILE WORKERS HAVE BEEN DOING IT FOR NEARLY TWO YEARS... BACKING UP OUR FIGHTING MEN WITH VOLUME PRODUCTION OF FIRE-POWER

AMERICA is "passing the ammunition" today to almost every corner of the globe. From the skilled hands of her millions of workmen... to the eager hands of her millions of fighting men... the planes and ships and tanks and cannon and shot and shell are passing in a never-ending stream.

From Oldsmobile, for example, come fast-firing

automatic cannon for fighter planes—long-range cannon for tanks—shot and shell for tanks and the artillery. Oldsmobile is carrying out these vast war-production assignments in close co-operation with more than 130 subcontractors, working with them as an All-American "Keep 'Em Firing" team. They're part of the *free industry* of a *free country*, and they're working to keep it that way. "Let's pass the ammunition," American industry is saying, "and we'll all *stay free!*"



OLDSMOBILE DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

★ VOLUME PRODUCER OF "FIRE-POWER" FOR THE U. S. A. ★

"Bill would have
wanted me
to write"

Dear Mr. _____,

Bill would have wanted me to write you this letter.

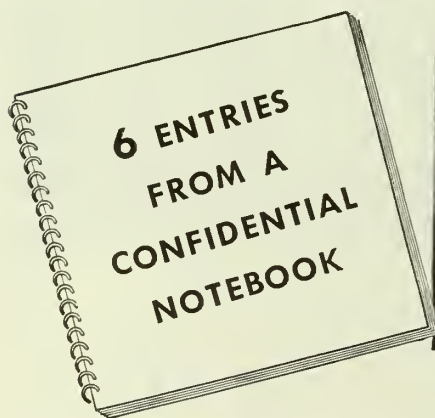
He was the one who first recognized the truth of your statement—"The future belongs to those who prepare for it." To me, I must confess, other things seemed more important—then.

Today I am so *grateful* that you persuaded Bill to say "yes" to life insurance!

Your friendly interest and your perseverance—these alone, I am sure, have made it possible for our children to make the most of the happy future Bill and I always planned for them . . .



THE FUTURE BELONGS
TO THOSE WHO
PREPARE FOR IT



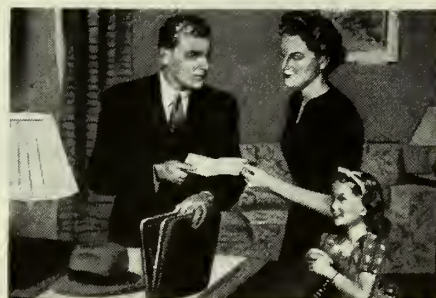
NOV. 23—Called on W. H. Allison, lawyer, 32. Has young son and daughter. "Not interested in insurance."

MAY 30—Saw W. H. Allison. Outlined Family Income Policy for protection of wife and children. Wife doesn't want him to buy life insurance.



JULY 7—Saw Allison's at home. Presented plan providing that, if Mr. A died, Mrs. A would receive \$150 monthly until children are grown, then \$60 a month for life. But Mrs. A seems more interested in furnishing their new home.

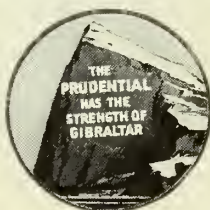
AUG. 4—Called again at Allison home. After further discussion, he bought plan as outlined last month. Well pleased.



APRIL 8—Heard Bill Allison was in hospital—pneumonia. Stopped to cheer him up, but too ill to be seen.

MAY 14—Yesterday took Grace Allison first of lifetime monthly income checks from Bill's insurance. Very thankful letter from her today. Especially satisfied with this case because of time and effort required to place this much-needed protection.

The



PRUDENTIAL

INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA
HOME OFFICE: NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

AS A SERVICE to the government and to you, Prudential representatives sell War Savings Stamps. For victory—buy some today!



By Robert Francis

Illustrated by WILLIAM HEASLIP

THE first-act curtain came down and the house lights blazed on. A few hardy souls went up the aisles for a smoke, but I noticed that most of the packed audience stayed in their seats. Back in 1917, intermissions in a New York theater belonged to Uncle Sam.

From behind the curtain stepped a slight figure with a quizzical, drooping left eyelid and an impish grin. He bounced when he walked with just a suggestion of be-damned-to-you swagger. If he had had a hat on, you knew it would have tilted over his left ear. Hands deep in coat pockets, one shoulder hunched in the familiar pose, George Michael Cohan began to sell Liberty Bonds.

And how he sold 'em! It wasn't because he was a popular star in his own play in his own theater. It was something deeper. Something that made him seem a symbol of living, fighting America. The ushers were run ragged carrying cash and pledges up to the stage.

Someone in the balcony shouted for a dance. Another wanted a song. They all wanted "A Grand Old Flag." He grinned and waited, and finally raised his hand.

"If you can take it," he called, pulling a scrap of paper from his pocket, "I'll sing something I made up this morning. That is, if the boys in the pit can make sense out of this cue sheet."

The piano player smoothed out the crumpled sheet before him and struck a chord. And

George Cohan started to sing. It was a simple melody based on three bugle notes. Trumpet and trombone leaned forward in their seats and softly picked up the beat. The strings followed and the drum caught the sway and the swing of it. Before the first chorus was half-way through the whole house rocked to the tramping rhythm of marching feet and over it came the clarion call of the A.E.F., sung as only George Michael Cohan could sing such a song in those days: "And we won't come back, 'til it's over . . . Over There!" A new American war song was born.

I don't know that George Cohan

wrote "Over There" that same day. He was a great showman and one to choose instinctively the precisely right moment for doing and saying anything. Those close to him at the time insist that he got the idea while riding to town from his house at Great Neck, Long Island, and that he had a verse and chorus finished by the time his train arrived at Pennsylvania Station.

It really doesn't matter. That night he gave the country something important, something that every expert on Tin Pan Alley had been feverishly—and vainly—trying to do, a song that would quicken the tired feet of Yanks on the muddy roads of France and one those at home would sing as a challenge and a promise.

The audience was quick to recognize it. Programs flew in the air. The theater came to its collective feet, cheering and whistling. It must have been for him one of the most satisfying nights of his career. Not for twenty years was I to see him get such an ovation again, and by that time he had been dubbed First Actor and become something of a legendary figure in the theater.

It might be mentioned here that George Michael was subsequently taken to task by one of his critics for continued flag-waving and for not contributing more of himself to the World War than a song. Had the critic taken the trouble he might have found out that Cohan tried to enlist in the Army at the age of (Continued on page 38)



The First Actor examines the medal awarded by Congress and presented by the First Citizen

I've Had My Fill of It

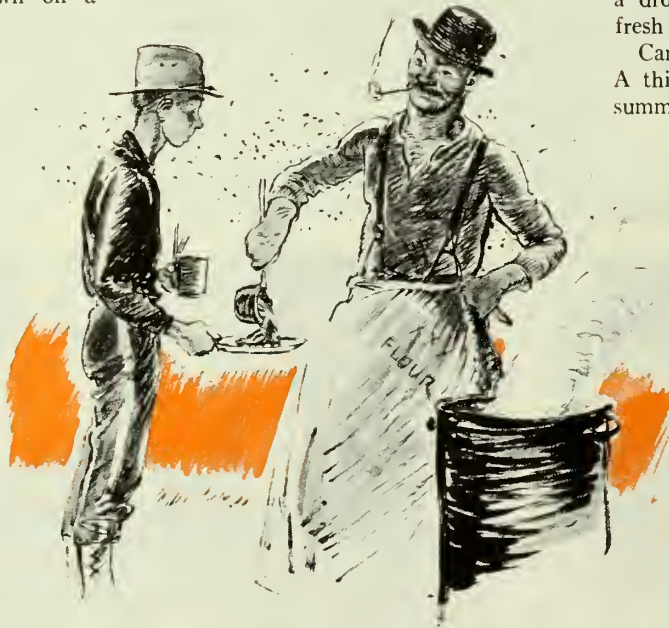
By PETER B. KYNE

RECENTLY I had Sunday dinner with a sergeant in the Army. This is what they fed me—and they had a mimeographed menu, too: Olives and celery en branch, fruit salad, an excellent vegetable soup, roast turkey with stuffing, brown gravy, sweet potatoes, string beans, choice of apple pie or ice cream, coffee or milk. I didn't eat very heartily because I was so damned mad to think I was a citizen of a republic that coddled soldiers with grub like this and, in addition, bedded them down on real mattresses, with sheets and pillow cases. To an elder statesman like myself it just didn't seem right and it will probably draw a sneer from the old boys of 1917-'18 who bedded down on a donkey's breakfast and didn't even have sheets in hospital.

While dallying with that roast turkey—get me, comrades, this wasn't battery fund grub, but the basic army ration for Sunday—my mind went back to my first army meal on the evening of June 18, 1898. And man, was I hungry, for I had had a harrying day, what with 20-40 in my right eye and scabs on my shins due to striking things in the dark, but which the recruiting surgeon who was prejudiced against me because he knew I planned to commit perjury in the matter of my age, elected to regard as scrofula. I was quite worn out in the battle to outgame that hombre, so when the quartermaster sergeant of L Company of the 14th United States Infantry issued me a messkit and one blanket and I asked: "Where do I sleep?" and he replied: "In the sand, goddammit; where do you expect to sleep? In a bed?" I was still further depressed. The nadir of my despair was not reached, however, until I saw presiding over the "kitchen" one Private Kaiser, who, although not remotely a cook, was pinch-hitting as one. The sight of this excellent fellow threw a chill into me. It seems he had been sent out from a recruit depot at Columbus, Ohio, expecting to be one of the boys in blue an hour

The chow they ate in '98 and twenty years thereafter, from Sammy Hell and Meuse-Argonne right back to General Shafter, was nothing that you'd cheer about, declares this vet'ran eater. They feed the soldier swell today, alas, too late for Peter

after lighting in Camp Merritt, the embarkation camp for troops destined for Philippine service. Consequently, he had brought only the clothing he had on and the Army had no clothing for him and for the past three weeks Kaiser, while waiting for some clothing to arrive, had worked in a heavy woolen undershirt, using his outside shirt to sleep in. That undershirt, stiff with grease and perspiration and foul with dirt and charcoal, stood to attention



A million flies were doing business in typhoid and intestinal ills, in Kaiser's kitchen

when Kaiser shucked it at night. Despite his manifold woes, Kaiser was the best-natured and kindest man I have ever met; he welcomed me heartily to the outfit and helped me prodigally to a villainous stew, the while he dripped honest sweat into it. So I fed my stew to the latrine, washed my messkit in the hot bitter coffee and went down town to eat, trying hard to forget that a million flies had inaugurated a shuttle

service between the open latrines and our kitchen and were doing a big business in typhoid fever and intestinal ills. In addition to horrible food in those days army sanitation was not.

For breakfast I had half-boiled beans swimming in a scum of grease, bread and coffee. Kaiser had added fresh coffee to half a boilerful left over from supper and the result was terrible. But the bread was good, even if for the first time I was eating it without butter. Four hours of drill had me in a different frame of mind for the noon meal, which was fried sowbelly—fat with a thin streak of lean, bread and more terrible coffee—perhaps a little more terrible now, because Kaiser never wasted a drop of made coffee but just threw fresh coffee into it.

Camp Merritt was a sand-field area. A thirty-five-mile trade wind blows all summer in San Francisco and sand in suspension found haven in Kaiser's stew and boiled beans. I have often wondered how we managed to survive the sand, because some years ago when I had a stock farm in Southern California some of my pure-bred swine died mysteriously and upon post-mortem were found to have their intestines clogged with sand. For nearly a week a hot wind, known as a Santa Ana, had been blowing off the Mojave desert and carrying sand in suspension so thick it obscured the sun and this sand had gotten into the pigs' slop. It would seem, therefore, that while in 1898 I was not so strong as a

horse I was stronger than a hog!

Once in a while, in Camp Merritt, we would have some real bacon and prunes, and beans alternated with boiled rice, sans milk or sugar. The prunes were merely skins wrapped around a pit, for the Spanish War offered a grand opportunity for every crook in the Army and out of it to unload on the soldiers grub hardly fit for a starving Armenian. Even if Kaiser had been able to prepare it well it still would have been unfit for human consumption. Most of the dried fruit was wormy. I managed to survive by getting supper in a restaurant.

We didn't know how well off we were, however, until we crowded aboard a little transport and started out to help Dewey. There was no refrigeration plant aboard our transport and as soon as the ice in the cold storage room commenced to melt the store of meat grew green and slimy. However, the faithful cooks trimmed this off and gave it to the sea gulls and albatross that followed us. But all the condiments in the world could not conceal from us the fact that we were eating carrion. I have heard that Englishmen will hang a pheasant until it is so ripe the guts are ready to drop out of it, but I have yet to meet an American as big a fool as that.

Now this spoiled or spoiling meat could only be served as stew, with potatoes and onions in it; we ate the vegetables and threw the stew overboard. I recall the colonel's son, a private in I Company, making heavy going of it with his ration when his old man came along "inspecting" and said softly: "How are you making it, Jim?" And when Jim replied angrily that he couldn't eat the infamous grub father said: "Be a soldier, my son, be a soldier." Apparently in those days to be a soldier pre-supposed an ability to digest anything and keep quiet about it.

There has always been a streak of the sneak in my nature, so before embarking I laid in a large stock of Bull Durham and brown papers, after observing indubitable signs of a tobacco famine. This I traded to a mess boy on the boat in return for occasional gifts of broken meats from the firemen's mess, but when I discovered he was also selling these scraps for cash I laid off him and got immediate results in the shape of better and bigger scraps. These saved my life.

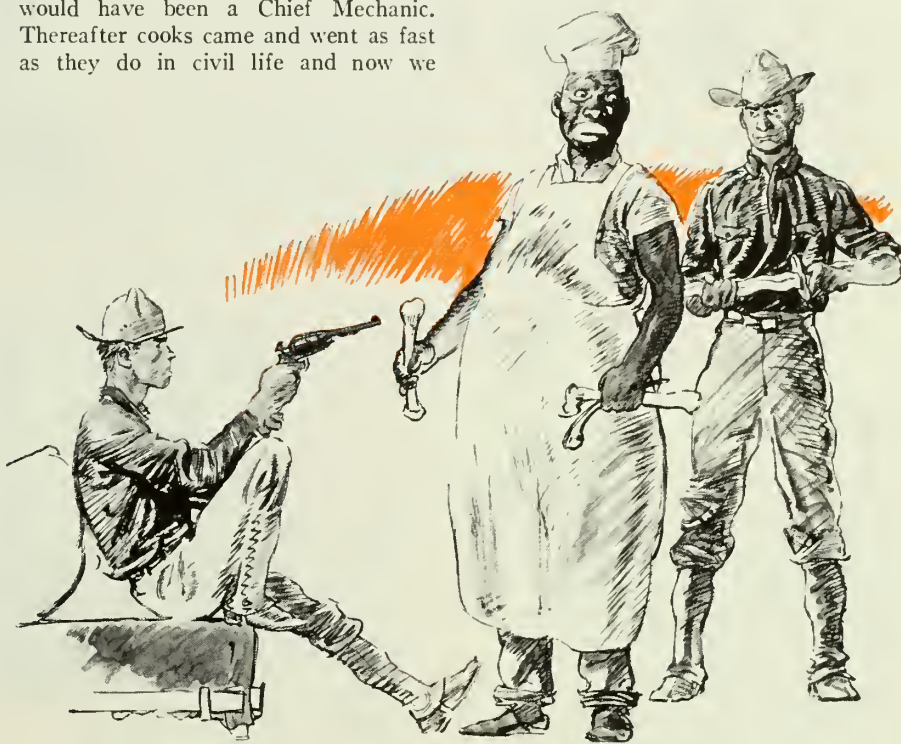
Our fresh water was gone in three days and thereafter our drinking water was condensed seawater served scalding hot. We used to wait in line for hours to fill our canteens at a single faucet and then hang it top-side and watch it

for hours until it was cool, else some lazy vagabond would steal it.

Arrived at a former Spanish army post in the suburbs of Manila, we lost Kaiser. It seems he was, in civil life, an odd-jobs man, with a predilection to tinsmithing, locksmithing and carpentering, and he had brought a small kit of tools into the service with him. So he was made Artificer. In the last war he would have been a Chief Mechanic. Thereafter cooks came and went as fast as they do in civil life and now we

Illustrated by HERB STOOPS

line, wishful to insult Bates but not wishful to be cook, bent over the rice boiler and took a long loud sniff, and the infuriated Bates drove his face down into the hot mass and held it there. That was a gorgeous fight. Then Kaiser investigated the boiler and found a hole in it, which accounted for the scorched



After that no bones were thrown overboard

were without bread and made the acquaintance of the hardtack of blessed memory, until a baker in an engineer detachment invented a yeast that would not rancidify in the tropics, so we all built bake ovens and dug up bakers and began to live again. Our baker was quite insane and every little while would come into the orderly office jibbering and jabbering that Dewey's fleet had its guns trained on his bakeshop and would one day, blow him to pieces. Sixteen years after the Filipino insurrection I met one of ours who told me that while on the bum in Montana he crawled into a concrete railroad culvert to spend the night and ran into our old baker there, still hiding from Dewey. I cherish a kindly feeling for him, however, because he liked me and often made me a dried-peach pie.

In the Philippines we could bank on boiled rice once a day, and scorched boiled rice about thrice weekly. Once we had it every day for a week, consequently the cooks were mortally insulted and fist fights raged; so the company commander ordered that the first man to insult the cook would take over the cook's job. Next day one Bates was serving and he scorched the rice. One Olson, at the head of the mess

rice. He repaired it and about that time the company commander discovered one Sprague who was a nuisance at drill. You could have won a fabulous fortune betting that at the command March, Sprague would step off with his right foot. So he was always in trouble, poor devil, and for this reason and because in civil life he had been second mate on a whaling vessel, he was made permanent cook and to take the curse off his banishment was made a corporal.

Sprague knew something less than nothing about cooking but he had imagination and he set about learning to cook, with the result that life took on a gaudier hue, particularly after we used up a diabolical ration known as dessicated potatoes. This was a war-time invention of the devil—spuds diced minutely and dehydrated, although why nobody ever knew. The quartermaster general sent down a couple of hundred thousand pounds to the Philippine Expeditionary Force without bothering with a test, and the inventor did not furnish a recipe for cooking the awful stuff. So Sprague used to pour water on a panful of it, throw in a few cups of bacon grease and bake it as one would a cake. It tasted like baked saw-

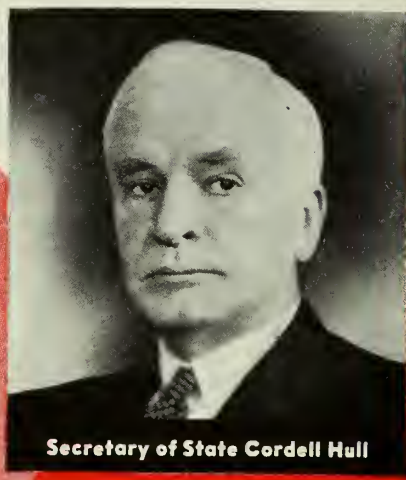
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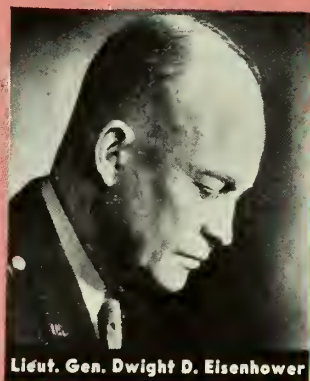
I felt like a cannibal stewing that trusting little monkey

In Our Corner: AFRICA

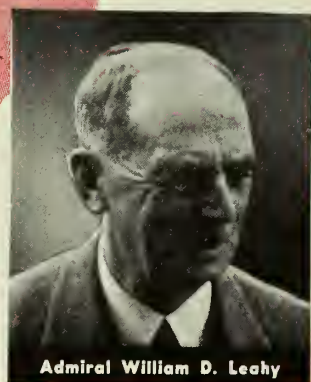
By RAY TUCKER



Secretary of State Cordell Hull



Lieut. Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower



Admiral William D. Leahy

THE historical explanation for Hitler's failure to checkmate or even damage seriously our North African invading units reveals American diplomatic and military leaders at their sparkling best. It marks a high in realistic foreign policy almost unexampled at Washington, and demonstrates that the United States has come of age internationally.

The spectacular conquest of a vast segment of the Dark Continent, with its yet unrealized implications concerning the war's trend and outcome and our post-war program, justifies completely the slow, patient spadework accomplished by Cordell Hull and his erstwhile Ambassador to Vichy—Admiral William D. Leahy. The dramatic story can be told most vividly and effectively by giving the foreground before describing the two-year background that made possible this brilliant undertaking.

Der Fuehrer suspected that the United Nations entertained covetous designs on this general area several weeks before the operation. Spies in Madrid had sent him word that a powerful enemy fleet was assembling in Gibraltar Harbor. He presumably got information of feverish

activity on the waterfronts of this country, England and Canada. Such a grand armada—850 ships, 150,000 Americans and the weapons necessary for the show—could hardly be collected and integrated without some word reaching the Gestapo's long ears.

But his first defensive move showed that Washington's constant propagandizing about Dakar's threat to this continent had borne good fruit. He mobilized his U-boats off the West African coast instead of in the Mediterranean, thus permitting our naval and cargo vessels to slip through the straits almost unmolested.

THE Roosevelt-Hull policy of remaining on friendly terms with the Laval-Pétain regime, despite criticism by the uninformed, raised another obstacle in the Nazi chieftain's path. For fear of antagonizing the French, he dared not cross the Unoccupied Zone until we

had given him an excuse by an actual descent on the sunlit rim of the Mediterranean. When he did violate the armistice terms, thereby angering the French populace and certain of Pétain's chief aides, it was too late. The enforced delay made possible partial scuttling of the French fleet at Toulon—one of the principal prizes he wanted.

Spain and Portugal would not allow him to attack us through their countries lest they become involved in an unwanted war. Incidentally, the President and the Secretary of State have been assailed for alleged "appeasement" of the Fascist-minded Franco, but here again our practical policy stood us in good stead.

Our "temporary tieup" with Admiral Jean Francois Darlan, formerly second in command to Marshal Pétain, was another helpful factor. Several days before his alignment with the Anglo-American invaders was announced publicly, he notified the Vichy Government that his inspection of colonial areas and bases had disclosed everything to be shipshape and serene. This optimistic report, which was relayed to Berlin by Pétain in good faith, tended to quiet Wilhelmstrasse worries and delay an all-out counterattack.



Major General Mark W. Clark

Bearer of Gold

Our military leaders' performance in Morocco was equally breath-taking. Darlan's presence in Algiers at the moment of our entry was an utter surprise to Lieutenant General Dwight David ("Ike") Eisenhower, in command of the attacking forces. The latter knew of the arrival of General Henri Giraud, for the French hero's smuggled submarine trip from France to Africa had been previously arranged for by William J. Donovan's ubiquitous agents. Also on hand at this historic moment, fortuitously or not, was Governor General Albert Nogues of the Vichy regime. Giraud became Darlan's successor after the Admiral's assassination on Christmas Eve.

Although the details of the negotiations may remain obscure until all the White, Yellow, Red and Brown Papers are published, it is understood that General Eisenhower figuratively locked the three Frenchmen in a room when he found them favorable to our cause, advised them to choose a leader and promised to abide by their decision. They apparently picked the Admiral with a Gallic sense of practicality. He was better known at home because of his attachment in an official capacity to the Old Marshal's establishment. He had appointed many of the naval officers stationed in North and West Africa, and his assumption of a leadership role might—and did—win them over. Lastly, the prime consideration was to prevent the French fleet from falling into Hitler's hands.

Explaining that he was "a soldier and not a politician," Eisenhower recommended acceptance of Darlan in a cable to Washington. Recognizing the value of this reinforcement, President Roosevelt quickly approved the plan.

Liberal ideologists have raised a furore over our association with Laval's former collaborationist. The President and the Secretary of State have explained that the alliance was a temporary expediency, and carried no commitments with respect to our post-war attitude toward a reconstructed French Government. Fact is that in kidnapping the Admiral, Washington is duplicating what Abraham Lincoln attempted when he offered command of the Northern Armies to Robert E. Lee.

The reasons for the Civil War President's gesture was political as well as military. Lee was not then known as a great war strategist. Mr. Lincoln hoped that the beloved and great-hearted Virginian's acceptance would prevent his Commonwealth, Maryland and other nearby States from quitting the Union.

Lincoln failed. Messrs. Roosevelt, Hull and Eisenhower did not. The Admiral's open support meant that we lost only 1610 men in the landing operations, with only about 500 killed, and obtained the strategically valuable Dakar without the firing of a shot.

Secretary Hull emerges from the Africa Incident as the greatest diplomat of our time. His refusal to break with Vichy has paid enormous dividends to the cause of the United Nations

The recent Anglo-French-American alliance in North Africa resulted directly from this misunderstood deal, and it carries an importance which is not generally realized. Darlan and his fellow naval officers had been violently bitter against the British ever since Churchill's forces attacked French fleets at Oran and Dakar—at the latter place, incidentally, in conjunction with Charles de Gaulle's Free French. It was because of this enmity that even before we entered the conflict, London gave Washington the exclusive assignment of keeping on speaking terms with Vichy and paving the way for the miraculous success of the North African venture.

Perhaps the most intriguing and significant scene in this drama on the Dark Continent was that in which Major General Mark W. Clark played the

ding statesmanship which, when all the facts tumble out, will rank the mild modest and slow-spoken man from Tennessee as one of our great Secretaries of State.

In view of the scorn and criticism he endured because of his Vichy policy it may be said without sentimental or poetic exaggeration that he is a living example of Kipling's original "Ify"—"If you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs, and blaming it on you. . . ."

Mr. Hull faced two choices when France fell before the German onslaught in June of 1940, and the alternatives became more difficult when Laval rose to power under the Nazi aegis. He could break with Vichy in condemnation of its acceptance of German shackles, as so many demanded that he do, including



Marshal Henri Philippe Pétain



General Maxime Weygand

The Chief of State of the Vichy government and the general who commanded its armed forces

leading character. While he negotiated with local and native officials in a house in Algiers, somebody tipped off the cops about his presence and purpose. The quiet, professorial Mark ducked into a dark wine cellar, where he stood with the \$15,000 in one hand and a pistol in the other.

"I didn't know whether to bribe 'em or shoot 'em if they discovered me," he explained subsequently.

This incident, together with the fact that \$150,000 worth of Morgenthau gold was sunk in transit, suggests that real coin, not fifty-nine-cent currency, passed hands during these stirring days. Our forces did not ship bullion across the seas solely for making bullets. But what is a bit of bribery between friends—or enemies?

Well, that is a story of military maneuvers perhaps unique in world annals because of their scope, magnitude and portent. But behind this heroic stake lies a two-year saga of shrewd, plod-

ding Wendell Willkie. As a matter of fact, there was considerable sentiment within the Administration for such a course.

But he figured that greater objectives were to be gained by maintaining at least sentimental and diplomatic relations with a historically friendly nation. In rough outline here was his underlying purpose: (1) To checkmate Hitler in his designs and demands for full economic, industrial, naval and military co-operation from the French. (2) To prevent Vichy from exceeding the strict terms of the armistice by turning over the fleet and Mediterranean bases, including Dakar, to the conqueror. (3) To demonstrate to Frenchmen that the land whose liberty was won through the aid of Lafayette and Rochambeau was still a friend, that they were not alone in the world, and that they should not heed Laval's advice that the only hope of resurrection rested in complete collaboration with Berlin. (4) To keep

(Continued on page 36)

The Bottle

By IRVING WALLACE

IT WAS a fat, long-necked whiskey bottle.

It dipped up and down in the transparent green water like a tin duck on a Coney Island target range. It rolled up along the stretching waves, and nervously flattened out as the waves inflated and merged.

It was a very strong bottle. It had floated on the waters of the cool and hot Pacific for many miles.

It was almost home, at last. It was lifted by a wave, the

rushing water swelling the wave larger and larger, puffing the bottle higher and higher on its white-capped crest.

It was descending now, fast, very fast, hurtling over the water, twisting, rolling, tumbling. It was thrown, with a skidding noiseless impact.

It lay still. It lay, couched in the hot white sand, its cylindrical glass body sweating water in trickles and then in long drops. It lay, high and exposed on the shore, its tightly sealed neck pointing from the narrow beach of Waikiki to the busy bustle of nearby Honolulu.

THE bottle was found at 10:17 that evening.

The Coast Guardsman, Seaman Gurkey, on patrol, saw a brightness in the full yellow of a three-quarter moon, and he went to the brightness, and it was the whiskey bottle. He might have kicked it away, but bending over, he saw the cork buried tightly in its neck. He lifted it, held it up in the moonlight, but couldn't see a thing. He shook it, and heard something flapping lightly inside.

The possibilities of drama interrupting a dull routine infected Seaman Gurkey. In movies, of which he saw three a week, and in stories, there was always something important in a sealed bottle. He tucked it under his armpit, and carrying his rifle in front of him, broke into a dog-trot toward his station.

Ensign Gray, tiredly typing a report in his office at the station, took the bottle from Seaman Gurkey.

"Where'd you find this?" asked Ensign Gray.

"On the beach, sir," replied Seaman Gurkey, tamping down excitement in his throat. "I think there's something in it."

Ensign Gray, political for twenty-eight, considered. Well, maybe there was and maybe there wasn't. If there wasn't he'd be a small fool. A dramatic small fool. He handed the bottle back to Seaman Gurkey with decision. "Take a staff car, Gurkey, and get into town. I'm letting you take this to Naval Intelligence."

IN THE tiny ante-room of Naval Intelligence, around the corner from the patio-encircled Honolulu postoffice, Lieutenant (j.g.) Dawson and Lieutenant (j.g.) Powsky sat smoking and debating, lackadaisically, the physical merits of Miss Lana Turner and Miss Betty Grable. They both turned, ready to welcome any intrusion into boredom, when Seaman Gurkey came bounding in, slipping and saluting, and pushing the whiskey bottle in front of him.

"Found it on Waikiki Beach, sirs!" exclaimed Seaman Gurkey. "There's something in it!"

Lieutenant Dawson took the bottle in both big hands, and studied it. Lieutenant Powsky gangled over his shoulder, interested.

Finally Lieutenant Dawson spoke. "It's a whiskey bottle. A quart. Randolph Straight Bourbon Whiskey. The cork here has been whittled down to fit into the neck and seal it. Here, give me a knife, someone."

Seaman Gurkey produced a knife. Lieutenant Dawson sniped at the cork, pried it more slowly than necessary to add suspense before the suspense would be worthless.

"Better hurry," suggested Lieutenant Powsky. "Maybe it's something Commander Williamson should see."

Lieutenant Dawson, still prying slowly, frowned, muttering. "That land-locked brass-hat . . . probably can't even read . . ."

Both men, diverted for a moment, as they were whenever



He could see that the cork was buried tightly in its neck



"Hello, men," offered the Commander. "Come in! What's up?"

the new Commander's name was mentioned, thought about Williamson. They, like most of the junior officers, disliked him. Motivation for this dislike was obscure. Possibly it was that Commander Williamson, beefy, red-faced, bespectacled, had been commissioned directly out of civilian life. He'd been a dollar-a-year-man, a reformed mid-West industrialist, who worked in the WPB, until he was commissioned and sent to Honolulu to help re-organize this branch of Intelligence.

Suddenly, the cork was out of the bottle. With one hand, Lieutenant Dawson brushed the pieces of cork from his blue trousers, and with the other he turned the bit bottle upside down. They all heard something flutter inside.

"Here, hold this, Powsky," said Lieutenant Dawson handing him the bottle. "Let me get it out with my little finger."

In a moment the piece of paper, folded very square, fell to the desk.

It was a piece of small notebook paper, loose-leaf, and Lieutenant Dawson had to unfold it four time before it was open. He glanced at it, then looked up at the others. He jumped to his feet.

"Geez! This is important! Christ, this is something! We've got to get this to Nimitz—"

Lieutenant Powsky interrupted. "Better take it to the chief. He's our superior."

"But Williamson won't understand how important—well, we better do it, and fast! Let me see, where's his address—"

"I got a car downstairs," said Seaman Gurkey, shaking himself out of nonentity.

COMMANDER WILLIAMSON, rotund body encased in a maroon bathrobe, opened the door. He saw three saluting

Illustrated by WALLACE MORGAN

visitors. He saw the bottle. He said, "Hello, men. Come in! What's up?"

Lieutenant Dawson, following Williamson's padding feet into the study, poured out the story. Gurkey added three sentences of color. Powsky interrupted twice, underlining its importance.

"Sit down, men," said Commander Williamson, himself settling into the swivel chair behind his mahogany desk. "So this is the bottle." He looked at it briefly, running his tongue around inside his cheeks. "And this is the note that you found in the bottle." He placed the note on the desk in front of him, smoothed it with the palm of a pudgy hand, and saw that it was printed in pencil and brief. Carefully, he read it.

To Whom It May Concern:

If you find this bottle, and are sympathetic to the American cause, please take this note to the first American soldier or officer you can find.

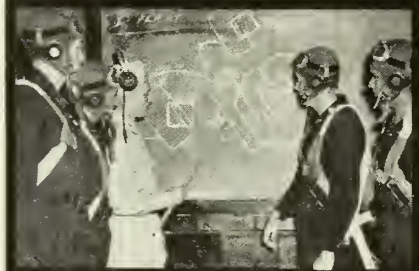
The writer of this note is Captain George C. Hendriks, of the Destroyer ————. You will be able to verify my command by checking with the navy in Washington. I cannot give too much information, since this note might fall into the hands of the enemy. My boat was attacked off Midway on the second afternoon of the battle by new Japanese torpedo-carrying airplanes. Along with three officers and five seamen, we got away from our ship on a raft, and managed to reach a small uninhabited island. We have been here a day, and find conditions such that we will be able to survive indefinitely.

(Continued on page 42)

Formerly flying cadets, they're now specialists
in Uncle Sam's Air Forces



Learning the intricacies of the
1000-horsepower Allison engine



The kids learn traffic patterns
involving nearby flying fields



Dumbbells you take standing up,
but tromping bicycles otherwise

Here's Why They're Tops

By **FREDERIC SONDERN, Jr.**

The Training U. S. Airmen Get
Makes Them Masters of Combat

ON EVERY battlefield, the American airman is making a reputation for high efficiency. Our bomber pilots have set a record for getting to their targets in the most heavily guarded Nazi territories and coming home again with a minimum of casualties. Our fighter pilots are downing Messerschmitts and Zeros at a large ratio to their own losses. And the accuracy of our bombardiers has been proved from France to Guadalcanal.

The reasons for this success are the care with which the American pilot, bombardier, navigator or gunner is picked and the superb training he gets before he goes into combat. Despite the pressing demand for more and more

airmen—several hundred thousand is the quota for this year—the Flying Training Command of the Army Air Forces has not relaxed its high standards one bit.

For example, before a pilot takes a Flying Fortress into enemy territory, he gets eleven months of intensive, careful, personal education, with one instructor to every five students. It does the most difficult and complicated job of teaching in the whole curriculum of modern warfare with an extraordinary degree of good sense and ingenuity.

Good airmen can be made only out of youngsters with very special qualities. Moreover, the different jobs call for men of different types. A man may be

A 450-horsepower machine that gives the cadet the feel of the air



constitutionally unable to fly a plane, yet he may be able to drop every bomb in his rack "on the nose," or he may have the imperturbable precision the navigator needs. The first problem the Air Forces faced when war called for great expansion was how to sift the thousands of applicants into the proper bins quickly and accurately, thereby saving the precious time of instructors and equipment.

Psychological Research Units were set up in each of the three Training Centers, manned by the best psychologists the Air Forces could find. Field crews of psychologists flew with poor and excellent students in good weather and bad and discovered some fifty cardinal reasons for their making mistakes and not making them. For example, to use stick and rudder in unison, a pilot must coordinate perfectly the movement of his hands and feet. Many people just can't do it. Other men never can conquer their fear of falling. Some are confused and irritated by complicated instruments. Some have no mechanical "feel."

Then there is the navigation student who loses his head when the jouncing of the plane in rough air jitters his sextant while he is getting a "fix," or jiggles the meter that he is trying to read. A bombardier needs sensitive hands and an inherent sense of timing which airmen call "the now" because under nerve-racking tension he must be able to make split-second decisions and set a bewildering array of handwheels with hairbreadth precision.

On the basis of such findings, the psychologists designed a series of tests. Memory tests reveal whether a potential pilot will be able to keep in mind the dozens of airplane profiles, friendly and hostile, that he will have to recognize. The Two-Hand Coordinator establishes a man's ability to manage the bombsight. Two handwheels control a pointer with which the candidate must

follow the erratic gyrations of a metal button.

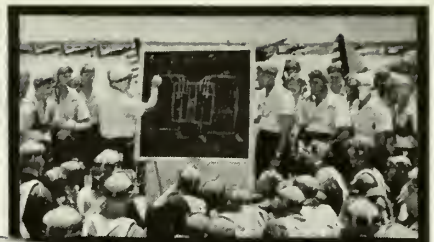
Every time the button gets away from the pointer a "miss" is registered. A Discrimination Reaction Tester tells whether a pilot candidate will be able to cope with the dozens of controls of an instrument board. Buttons on a switchboard control lights on a panel. When the examiner indicates a certain light, the candidate must instantly push the button that flashes that light.

These tests and other preliminaries at Classification Center put the cadet through a grueling week. On the basis of his score and his expressed preference, it is decided whether he is to be trained as pilot, bombardier or navigator.

Under this system "washouts" in the training schools have come down sharply. That is the valuable proof of an expensive pudding.

Pilot cadets go to Pre-Flight School for nine weeks. At these miniature, intensified West Points the cadets learn to be soldiers. Under stiff discipline, they are taught to salute and drill punctiliously, to keep themselves and their

(Continued on page 34)



Civilian instructors, facing camera, show the cadets how to head in



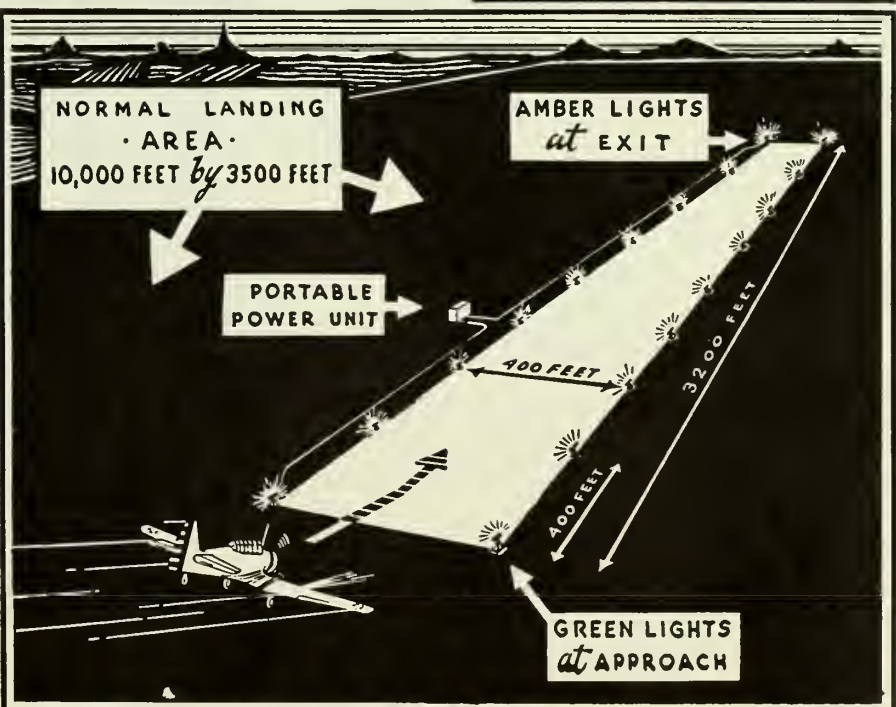
Using radio, dispatchers direct 300 planes aloft at the same time



Up near 20,000-foot level, the bombardier prepares to do his stuff



They're ready for the day's tour of duty in basic training planes



Night landing on a comparatively small portable strip is a must of our advanced pilot training

Japan's Fatal Weakness

By JAMES R. YOUNG

JAPAN'S collapse will result from factors which her powerfully organized fighting forces, in their desperation and setbacks, cannot control.

Nippon's fundamental weakness, as Joseph Clark Grew, former Ambassador to Tokyo emphasizes in his assessment of her military capacity, is the failure of her leaders in the long-prepared plot to attack, to make provision for losses or collapse. They have left no road open for retreat. There is no provision for acquiring substitutes and replacements in war industries.

Why?

Japan was sold the idea, by the numerous Nazi political, economic and military gauleiters in Tokyo, that a lightning stroke would incapacitate the United States in the Pacific, and knock England out of the Orient. In a few months, the Japs were assured, Tokyo's Black Dragon leaders would be Master Dragons of the Pacific, from Siberia on the north to Sydney in the south and of all the Pacific basin of 64,000,000 square miles.

The Japanese accepted this conclusion without any apparent consideration of an if.

Moscow, the Japs were told, would be taken by Christmas (of 1941). The Japs would have Manila. The proposal appeared bomb-proof. Gen. Yamashita had been in Europe with Count Gen. Terauchi for observation and instruction in the high points of blitzkrieg and para-troop tactics, later to be used in the Malayan campaign, the Philippines and the Dutch East Indies.

Moscow did not fall. Manila did. And had we been on the alert, the White House having given sufficient warnings, we would not now be on the defensive position nor have suffered such terrific losses at Cavite and Pearl Harbor. Our Navy and our air force units would have remained in control of the Pacific. This particular reference is not written to establish an "out" for our miserable failures and insufficient precaution. The declamation is part of the entire story around which, in this article, I am constructing a word-picture frame on the premise that Japan cannot win.

Following the fall of Moscow and the immobilizing of all Russia, which the Nazis assured the Japs would be ac-

Japan in the first 13 months of war let loose virtually everything she had against us. Now she's feeling the pinch, for her lack of industrial capacity makes replacements slow, and she hasn't the savvy to keep up with her opponents in improving plants and weapons. This is particularly true in the all-important matter of airplanes

Illustrated by JOHN CASSEL

complished, the double-tracked Trans-Siberian railway would be open to Japan to import arms from Czechoslovakia, steel from Sweden, and machinery from Germany and conquered European countries. Vladivostok, the Nazis emphasized, would become another Jap submarine base for attacks on the United States. Kamchatka would be a Japanese air base for thrusts at unprepared Alaska and cities in our Pacific Northwest.

JAPAN and Germany planned to concentrate on India after the capture of Moscow and Manila. Japan with a larger navy and mercantile marine than Germany, would navigate and patrol the Indian Ocean and the Suez Canal, and jointly operate in the Mediterranean with the third Axis partner, Italy. Thus, Japan, as I am told by persons who returned on the diplomatic exchange ship *Gripholm*, anticipated a rail route via Russia and an ocean lane by Suez, to handle the war materials, machinery and tools to replace the gigantic purchases she had made in the United States, for had we not been Japan's chief source of industrial strength?

Within a year after promised Nazi victories, Japan observed the United Nations driving Rommel's men from North Africa; the Reds were throwing the Nazis back at Stalingrad; convoys of Americans and materials continued to Australia and the Solomons; more American planes were bombing Japanese-held cities in China, particularly Hankow, Hanoi, Haiphong, Hong Kong and Bangkok.

As a full-fledged typewriter strategist, I place myself out on a limb with the unqualified statement that failure of Japan's world-wide conquest plans may be dated from the time the Nazis failed to take Moscow.

Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox recently told the National Association of Manufacturers we have expended a lot

of precious ships and material, but have exacted a toll the enemy can ill afford.

I can quote from a Japanese business man to give the orthodox Tokyo interpretation, how militarists and industrialists calculated to win. Yoshiichi Nagatani, a top-flight manufacturer, has stressed that the United

States could not win because we would not be willing to tool up to wartime production, that we would not stop making refrigerators to produce jeeps. He told his people that we were so divided that we could not form an army to go overseas; he said we would not undergo hardships and that we lacked spiritual power. He told his Japanese listeners that because of low national morale, at our first defeat we would be led in revolt by Senators Nye and Taft, and Charles A. Lindbergh.

We have suffered losses numbering some 50,000 in dead, injured and missing. Time is against Japan and distance plagues our transport problems. But we can overcome time and distance. The Japanese, I emphasize, are short on time and, in their octopus operations, are dangerously spread out, particularly respecting lines made vulnerable to submarine attacks. America's war industry problems are tough and many, but we are not weak at the core. Japan has strength at the top, through long term planning, but at the core she is weak.

The inevitable American offensive deep at the heart of Japan's eight industrial centers will exert a pressure like the push that caves ant-eaten wood; but the basic cause of our enemy's ultimate defeat will be the termites of industrial disintegration, lack of skilled labor, shortage of highly-trained technicians, graft among plant superintendents and bribery of purchasing agents, awkward bottlenecks in war factories, and the inability to replace unexpected air and ship losses, especially submarines and aircraft carriers, bombers and tankers. Of transport and cargo vessels, Japan perhaps retains world supremacy numerically and possibly in tonnage.

HIROHITO'S war crazed leaders must go on fighting to the ultimate, disastrous end. They cannot remain stationary. And it will not be a matter of pride, of the "face" we hear
(Continued on page 48)



A BREAK IN THE LIFE LINE



Take It Easy, Tio Sam

By **ALBERTO MARTINEZ**

Plain talk by an American citizen on what to do to make South Americans cheer the Colossus of the North, meaning us

Up and out of the Buenos Aires subway.

A beachside terrace restaurant at Rio.

Carmen Miranda, toast of two continents.

WHEN the bonds issued by a small city in Argentina sank to 40 on the New York market, most of the investors decided they had listened to bad financial advice and sold out, plumb disgusted with the South American way. The one man who didn't sell, but bought up all the bonds he could lay hands on, reaped a fortune of \$500,000.

The difference lay in no gift of second sight, but in the fact that he made it his business to try to understand the people who had defaulted on their bonds. He just couldn't believe they were crooks. He had proof that the street railway system, power plant, gas mains and waterworks actually existed and it was reasonable to assume they were worth somewhere near what they had been bonded for.

This Yankee business man went down to investigate. First he took some Spanish lessons. On arrival, he asked permission to attend the next meeting of the city council. Pleased at his interest, city officials readily complied.

At the meeting, he listened for an hour before he spoke. Except for the language, this might have been a town council meeting in Ohio or Iowa or Massachusetts. Local politicians do not differ too much, no matter where they are located on the map.

The councilmen were discussing the bonds. They were scared. They had got into the soup. They were unclear about the business details—even as your city council or mine, I fear, might have been—but they were dead certain it wasn't their fault that something had gone wrong. Moreover, they hoped this stranger who had breezed in on them wasn't carrying the Big Stick up his

sleeve. They eyed him from time to time, not with hostility, but with suspicion.

The American courteously asked, in Spanish, if he might enter the discussion. The air was tense when he started. But he did not raise his voice. He told them, in the same terms he would have used in the council chamber back home, that he hoped the bond affair could be straightened out. He added that he had only dropped in to get their ideas and talk things over.

Interest deepened. Sighs of relief were heard. Imagine Uncle Shylock not blustering and pounding the table with his fist! The visitor did not fit at all into their conception of an American business man.

"Senores," he said, "a bond is not just a pretty paper covered with green scrollwork and fine print. It represents an engagement of honor. When you issued these bonds, you pledged that on default your public works would pass into the possession of the bond-holders. Now I happen to hold a majority of these bonds, but it would be ridiculous for me to step in and try to operate these properties. They belong to the people of your city, people who have trusted you to represent them. Surely there is a better way for friends and neighbors to do business."

When he had finished, the city council stood up and cheered. The chairman escorted him to a seat on the dais. He had appealed to the deepest and most sincere emotion that governs Latin-Americans—their sense of honor. Eager and excited discussion followed. They already had a substantial sum in the bank, but had been embarrassed over inability to make the full bond payments, hence had done nothing about it. They asked the Yankee to give them the benefit of his financial experience. He did. Next morning a payment was made, credit was reestablished—and by the time the *simpatico* Yankee's boat arrived in New York, the price of the municipal bonds was up to 95, their rightful value.

This true story is worth detailing, because it illustrates two things we of the United States ought to understand about South Americans. First, they are idealists from the word go; and second, they welcome technical advice but prefer to run their own affairs. Had the Yankee blustered, he would have got nowhere with them.

One of the great worries which besets thinking men all over South America at present is the lavish way in which the United States tends to solve the problems of its neighbors simply by pouring in cash. They appreciate the generosity, but cash now means debt later. South Americans are not looking for temporary, stop-gap solutions of their problems.

Don't forget that the average South American business or public man knows a great deal more about the United States than his counterpart in this country knows about South America. This is natural. The United States holds a dominant position in Pan-American affairs and Latin-Americans are just as eager to be friendly as we are.

Don't misunderstand the Latin-American's business customs or think they indicate lack of practical ability—for example, when he asks about your family and discusses the weather at length before getting down to the matter in hand. He gets the work done, too. True, he takes a siesta after lunch—a practice approved by a great majority of physicians—but he stays on the job until 7 P.M. He likes the Good Neighbor policy first rate, but honestly, some of our attempts to be subtle about patting him on the back give him a laugh which you'll never see on his face.

By contrast, a sincere effort seldom fails with him. Some time before Pearl Harbor, I accompanied a young Peruvian to the Long Island airport where he was to take off via clipper for Quiriquire, an oil camp in Venezuela. A former consul for his government in Philadelphia, he had signed up as a member of a group of 12 Spanish teachers who were going into the jungle. Their pupils were to be American oil company executives. I asked how this eagerness to study Spanish had come about, for it is well known that the traditional American business man in South America scorned to learn the language. This



Plaza de Mayo, Buenos Aires, where Argentine political proclamations are promulgated



Harbor at Antofagasta, Chile, the outlet for the mines of southwestern Bolivia

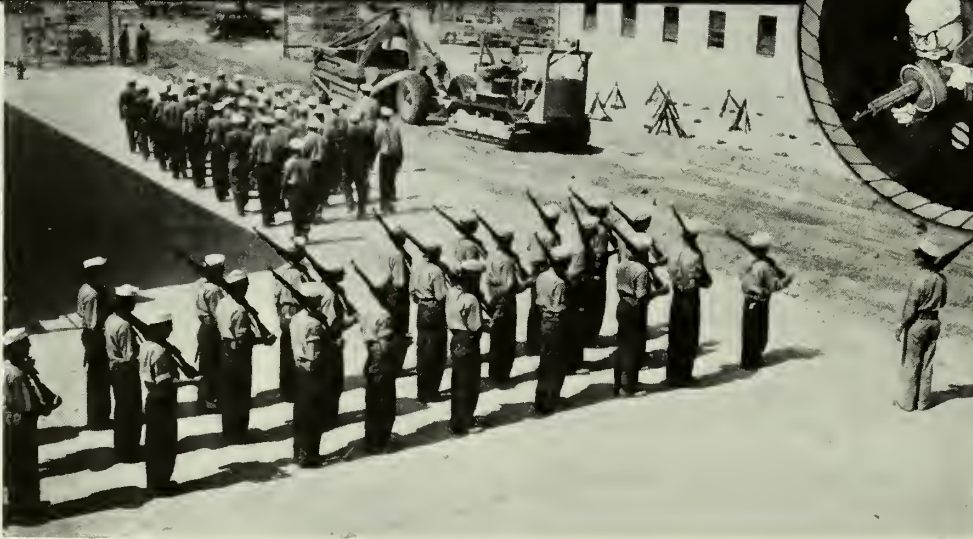


A Brazilian coffee plantation that is as pleasing to the eye as it is productive

is in contrast to the Germans, who were always painstaking in their efforts to ingratiate themselves with the people with whom they did business.

"In the summer of 1937," he told me, "provincial officials, accompanied by the principal American oil men, boarded the ship which was bringing young Nelson Rockefeller on a visit to Maracaibo. There was the usual official greeting, which was translated into English by an interpreter. When Rockefeller stood up to respond, the interpreter (*Continued on page 46*)

The Navy's Battling Builders



Against a background of heavy bulldozers the Seabees carry on their drill. Inset is the corps device of the Battalion

By A. D. RATHBONE, IV

WHEN the Japs attacked Wake Island, they unwittingly set in motion a brand new force that is destined to play a major role in wrecking the little monkey men, and in the smashing of Japan's Axis partners. The bombs, the shells, and the machine-gun bullets that rained down on that tiny Pacific outpost for 17 days and nights took their harsh toll, not only of Marines, but also among a crew of civilian engineers and construction men, whose business on Wake was that of building and improving Naval installations. From

the scant available facts concerning the amazing defense of that four and one half mile-long atoll, it is known that those civilian workers—many of them World War One Veterans—grabbed whatever would shoot and fought alongside the Marines, a prophetic promise of the new force to come.

The echoes of that Jap bombardment rolled across the Pacific, reverberated over the Rocky Mountains, rumbled on to Washington, and culminated in a Navy directive, in December, 1941, authorizing the recruiting of one Construction Regiment of approximately 3300

officers and men. Thus began a new arm of the Navy—that force unintentionally motivated by the Japs—an arm now grown to a strength of more than 210,000 men.

It was also an answer to the readily apparent need for construction personnel at many and various locations outside the United States, and, after Wake Island, it was clear that this personnel should be part of the armed forces, and should be in uniform, trained and equipped accordingly. Officers of the Navy's Civil Engineer Corps, under Admiral Ben Moreell, Chief of the Bureau of Yards and Docks, were assigned to organize and train the Construction Battalions. A call went out for men from 17 to 50 years old, who were trained and experienced technicians in every conceivable phase of construction and building.

The last official word from Wake Island was Major Devereux's message: "The Japs have landed in force. Situation still in doubt." That was on December 24th, 1941. Thirty-two days later the initial Construction Battalion went into training at Quonset Point, Rhode Island. In no time at all this new force, first of its kind in the Navy's history, became descriptively and affectionately known as "Seabees," from the phonetic pronunciation of the letters "C.B." The wartime business of the Seabees and an explanation of their motto, "We defend what we build," is best begun by telling of their insignia.



Ready to land, with everything including the kitchen sink and the G. I. cans

More than 210,000 men are enrolled in the work-and-fight Construction Battalions of the Navy. Every one's a tough customer, and how!

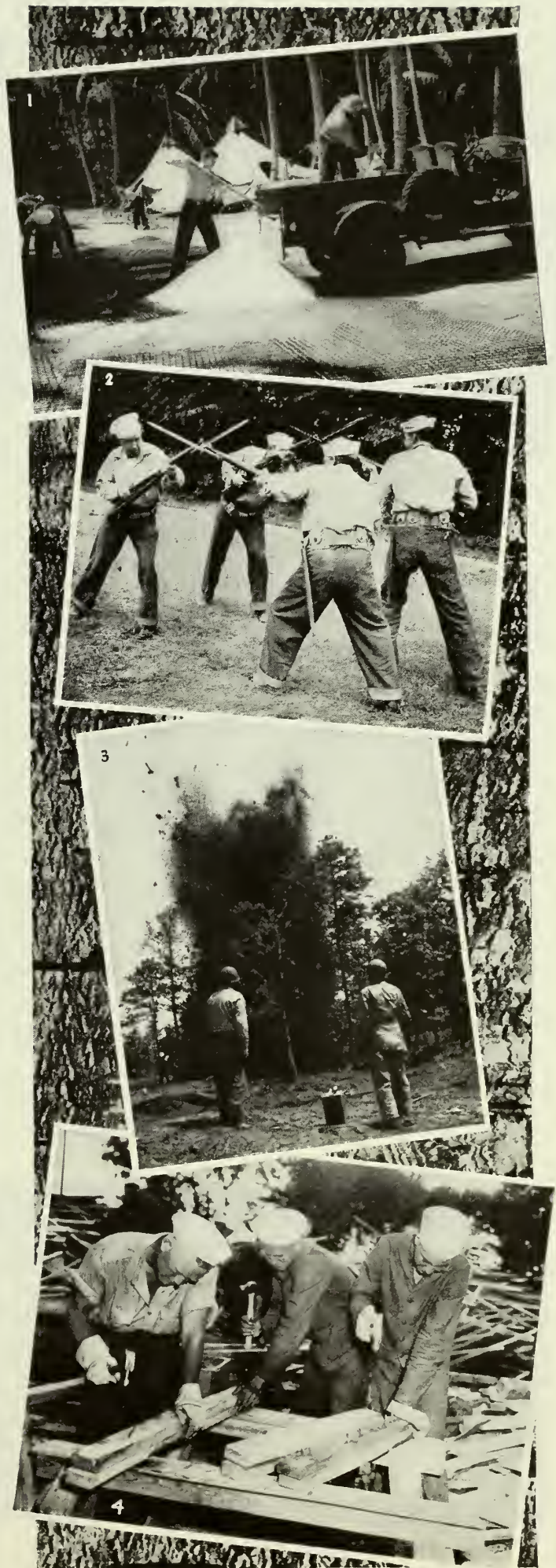
Across a blue background, encircled by a hawser, streaks one of the maddest, fightingest bees ever depicted. His white Navy hat is defiantly cocked over scowling brows, beneath which angry eyes are flashing in a manner which bodes ill to his enemies. His two fore hands hold a spitting Tommy gun, there's a wrench in his second left hand, and a hammer clutched threateningly in his third fist. The sleeves of his uniform, from fore to aft, respectively bear the Naval rating badges of Gunner's Mate, Machinist's Mate, and Carpenter's Mate, while the corps device of the Civil Engineer Corps of the Navy adorns each wrist. He's rough, he's tough, he means business, and he's rarin' to go places and build things for Uncle Sam's Navy—and woe betide any Jap or Nazi who gets in his way or tries to stop him!

The immediate answer to the call for men who could fight with one hand and build with the other came from every cross-road of the nation. It brought mechanics, plumbers, carpenters, electricians, blacksmiths, painters, riggers, steelworkers, pipefitters. It found instant response from expert operators of bulldozers, dredges, steam-shovels, cranes, derricks, gas and Diesel engines, and trucks. Still more men, who knew welding, generators, refrigeration, evaporators, water purifiers, excavation, dynamiting, heavy moving, concrete work, drafting, and surveying turned up at recruiting stations. Then there were cooks, bakers, laundrymen, sailmakers, rodmen, wharf-builders and telephone linemen, divers, doctors, and dentists. Probably no more extensive or complete cross-section of American technical skill has ever before been gathered together in one unit, and among them, as anyone should know, were scores upon scores of men who took part in the last world-wide fracas.

In fact, the Seabees have become a Mecca for World War Veterans. A typical example is Wilbur F. Taylor, of a Pennsylvania Post, who served in the Army Motor Transport Corps before, and who lost a son in the Marines when the U.S.S. *Oklahoma* was sunk by Jap bombs in Pearl Harbor. The news of that disaster was hardly off the wires when Comrade Taylor and a number of buddies from his Post offered their services to the War Department. Incidentally, Comrade Taylor, CMM, Battalion 20, Company B, has two other sons and twelve nephews scattered through various branches of the service. Another typical veteran is L. J. Miller of Chicago, who now rates as a CMM in the 29th Battalion, but who, as flight sergeant, saw action in France with the Lafayette Escadrille and the 188th Squadron to the tune of eight German planes shot down. Legionnaire father-and-son combination enlistments in the Seabees long ago reached a point where it wasn't news. It takes at least a veteran father and two sons to create a stir among recruiting officers, or among the commanding officers at a Seabee training camp, when a family contingent like that arrives.

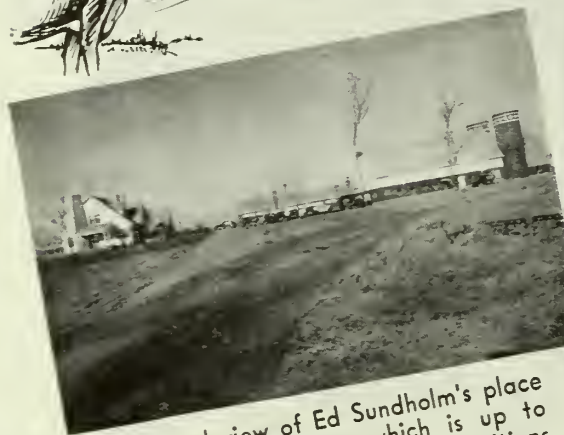
But, youngsters or oldsters, each man must know his trade and know it well. In the blueprint for organization of the Seabees, it was recognized that a construction man couldn't be made in the eight weeks allowed for training. Therefore, men of technical (Continued on page 54)

1. Coral diggings and wire mesh make a road in jig-time at the new U. S. base in the South Pacific. 2. "We defend what we build" is the Seabees' motto. 'Nuf said? 3. Boom went the dynamite, and before you could say "Construction Battalion, United States Navy" there was a twenty-foot ditch for Seabee training. 4. A small part of the \$90,000 salvage in sixty days' operations





The Farm That Went To War



A general view of Ed Sundholm's place in Albert City, Iowa, which is up to its eyebrows in manufacturing munitions



The Boss, Legionnaire Sundholm of Carl Dyvad Post of Albert City



Automatic screw presses and tapping machines, drill the machine shed an active place

IF YOU speak too elegant English you will probably call it an agricultural establishment. But if you hope to see cows, pigs and chickens at Legionnaire Sundholm's place in Albert City in northwestern Iowa, you'll have to wait until we've whipped Hitler and his partners of the double cross. Ed Sundholm, a prosperous manufacturer of greasing equipment used by most of the major oil companies, put up a number of buildings on his four-hundred-acre tract a couple of years back and had an idea he'd raise purebred stock. Instead the buildings house machinery that is turning out stuff we and our allies are using to blast the enemy.

Mr. Sundholm's firm, the Superior Manufacturing Company, had so many war orders it simply couldn't take care of them, and so the dairy farm that had never had a chance to operate in the manner intended, became a munitions plant, with determined men and women keeping the wheels turning as fast as possible.

The comfortable farmhouse is the of-

fice of this unique establishment. A young woman, Miss Harriet Danielson, assistant general manager of both the original concern and of the farm that's gone to war, is its presiding genius. Mr. Sundholm himself spends a good deal of his time there, designing the dies, tools and other equipment which have brought him recognition by the War Production Board in Washington.

As you go into the farmhouse-office of this unique establishment you are greeted by Miss Odette Parsels, receptionist, and whether you are a general in the Army, a salesman or what have you, you've got to convince her before you get your pass for admission to the plant. That's as it should be, of course, for it is on a one hundred percent war footing, and the determined group of men and women who are employed there do not intend to have their work sabotaged.

The machine shed with its automatic screw machines, drill presses and tapping machines is a hive of activity, and most of the equipment is operated by women. Mr. Sundholm, a member of Carl Dyvad Post of the Legion in Albert City, fore-

saw a manpower shortage long before it came up to smack the nation in the face, and with a few employes from his main plant assisting, he trained the group of women who in large part are carrying on the work in the new buildings on the farm. Most of them have either a husband, brother or son in the service, and they're deadily in earnest about the job they're doing.

In the portion of the barn which will eventually house the stanchions for the milk cows, milking machines and other equipment, you will find dozens of women seated at long tables, carefully checking the parts produced by the other departments of the plant.

Even the hog house and poultry house are contributing to the war effort, the hog house being used for storage of raw materials, and the poultry house having been converted into a modern tool room containing lathes, milling machines, grinders, drill presses, hardness testers and a variety of gauge blocks and measuring instruments.

As the war continues it is possible that the small number of men who are employed there will be shifted to other work, and if that happens Mr. Sundholm will train more housewives for the jobs. He and his workers intend that there shall be no slackening of effort and that the materials that come off the line in an ever increasing quantity will measure up to the exacting standards set by the Government.

When the power of the Axis is finally smashed the farm that went to war will probably have a chance to operate as a dairy establishment. But Mr. Sundholm isn't thinking about that these days. He figures he can handle the bottlenecks that operation of a war plant entails these days, and anybody familiar with his methods will have to admit that he's got the savvy to whip almost any difficulty that may arise.



Mrs. Ann Johnson, chief inspector, and the competent crew that makes certain no second-rate stuff goes to the armed forces

A Lincoln Tribute to Washington

MAY I be pardoned if, upon this occasion, I mention that away back in my childhood, the earliest days of my being able to read, I got hold of a small book, such a one as few of the younger members have ever seen — Weems's *Life of Washington*. I remember all the accounts there given of the battlefields and struggles for the liberty of the country, and none fixed themselves on my imagination so deeply as the struggle here at Trenton, New Jersey. The crossing of the river, the contest with the Hessians, the great hardships endured at that time, all fixed themselves on my memory more than any single Revolutionary event; and you all know, for you have all been boys, how these early impressions last longer than any others. I recollect thinking then, boy even though I was, that there must have been something more than common that these men struggled for. I am exceedingly anxious that that thing — that something even more than national independence, that something that held out a great promise to all the people of the world for all time to come — I am exceedingly anxious that this Union, the Constitution and all the liberties of the people, shall be perpetuated in accordance with the original idea for which that struggle was made; and I shall be most happy indeed if I shall be a humble instrument in the hands of the Almighty, and of this his almost chosen people, for perpetuating the object of that great struggle.

THIS appreciation of the Father of His Country and the soldiers serving under him who kept the United States of America a going concern, was delivered in one of the darkest hours of the nation's history. Mr. Lincoln was on his way from his home in Illinois to be inaugurated President, and threats had been made that he would not be allowed to reach Washington alive. Stopping off at Trenton, New Jersey, on February 21, 1861, he addressed the state Senate, and the circumstance of its being the eve of Washington's birthday and the scene of perhaps his most spectacular victory gave the President-elect an opportunity to which he rose magnificently in the passage here quoted.

Illustrated by JES SCHLANKER



First to Write

By HOWARD WOLF

NOW it's the Marines who are doing the telling. And bringing back the original brand of professional war reporting, American style.

That's right. All you've read about the Marine Corps "combat reporters" as unprecedented figures in United States battle correspondence is based on a mistaken notion. Actually, the recruited newspapermen put through the basic training at Parris Island or San Diego and shipped out in uniform to fight and

write are operating in our oldest tradition of covering the action fronts.

Before Second Lieutenant H. L. Merrill sending out of Guadalcanal the first of this war's news stories by a battling public-relations Marine, there was Colonel Thomas Bangs Thorpe, U. S. A., writing the first published account of war-opening Palo Alto on an 1846 field of battle.

Before Sergeant Richard T. Wright reporting Gavutu Island action from

"A U. S. Outpost Somewhere in the South Pacific," there was George Wilkins Kendall, who rode with Taylor's army, served as aide to General Worth in Scott's campaign, and came home with "major" prefixed to the name.

These and other fighter-writers of the Mexican War were the first regular, recognized, professional war correspondents of American journalism.

The Revolution had no regular reporters and most of the letters telling its

The star-spangled array of American war correspondents from the days of Tom Thorpe and the Mexican War to those fellows you heard over the radio last night

story in the newspapers were not originally intended for publication, even.

The War of 1812, again, ran to official reports and letters, and unofficial letters home by soldiers who weren't newsmen. Nearest approach to a war correspondent was perhaps James M. Bradford, who had founded the St. Francisville, Louisiana, *Time Piece* just before the war. Enlisting in Jackson's army for the defense of New Orleans, he sent back a series of letters to his paper on the operations.

Largest news efforts of the Mexican War were concentrated on Zachary Taylor's Army of the North and on Winfield Scott's taking of Vera Cruz and advance on Mexico City.

Mayne Reid, of later boys-book fame, and Cassius M. Clay were among the journalists who "flung down the pen and

took up the sword," as Reid put it. Nevertheless, Lieutenant Reid sent out an occasional letter or poem, and Clay, who had been captured, sent a series of letters from his prison in Mexico City.

The actual coverage was chiefly by the press of New Orleans, as a number of its adventurer-editor-authors hopped right into the dual military-journalistic action in a preview of the 1942 manner.

All the letters of the volunteering Colonel Thorpe (still remembered as the author of "Tom Owen, the Bee Hunter" and "The Big Bear of Arkansas") were widely copied.

The accounts by Kendall, of the New Orleans *Picayune* ownership, were so often reprinted that his G. W. K. signature at story's end became familiar to the entire country.

The battling G. W. K. captured a

Mexican flag at Monterrey, participated in Buena Vista and Vera Cruz, and marched on Mexico City, to be wounded in the last battle of the war. He ran his own horse expresses, and official Army dispatches, as well as correspondence for the *Picayune*, were entrusted to his riders.

One of these horseman assistants was youthful Charles M. Bugbee. He often ran the gauntlet of Mexican fire on the roads "but as he had a peculiar way of dodging their balls, he was believed by them to be bullet proof." Or so said the contemporary *Lowell Courier*. Traveling from Vera Cruz to Mexico City as a New York *Sun* representative after the war, Bugbee apparently neglected to dodge. He died of three bullets in a stage-coach holdup.

(Continued on page 42)



Through these eyes Americans have seen the ebb and flow of warfare during the past seventy years

WHAT WE FIGHT FOR

THE EDITORIAL VIEWPOINT

IF YOU were to ask American fighting men in the various theaters of war why they are engaged in action against the Axis powers you would doubtless get a variety of answers. But if you were to take the first dozen or the first thousand and compare them you would probably find that you had found in them a common denominator. It would be that which Woodrow Wilson expressed so ably twenty-six years ago next April—to make the world safe for democracy.

In saying this we should emphasize that the American fighting man of this war, like the fighting man of that earlier war, has no idea of making the rest of the world conform to what might be called a Yankee ideal of what democracy is or ought to be. The youthful American, whether his education stopped at early grades of grammar school or was continuing in the upper reaches of a graduate school when he donned the uniform of his country, has been accustomed to think of the United States as a nation in which a person has a right to express an opinion, to meet with his fellows without getting permission from the authorities, and to read the books, newspapers and magazines which are available on newsstands and in public libraries in even the smallest communities of the land. Even those in uniform with the scantiest of educational background know that in the Axis countries the citizens have virtually none of those rights, that the

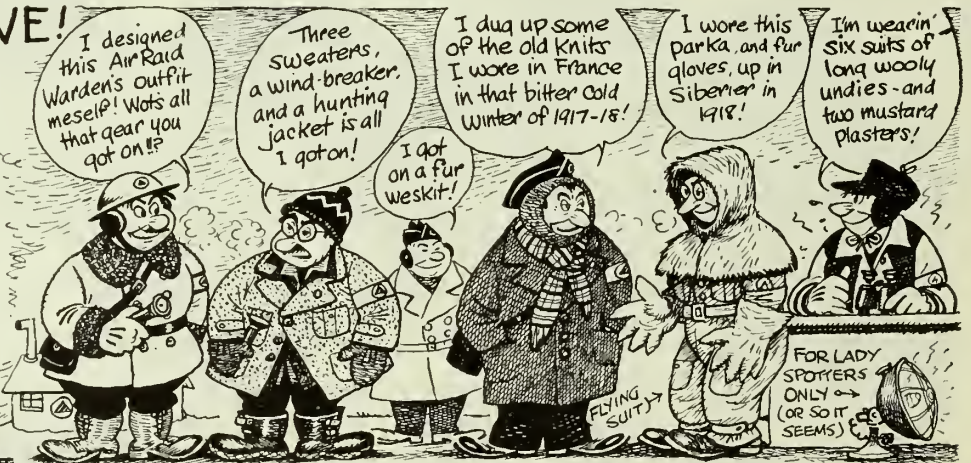
course of action taken by the individual is dictated by the head of the state.

If the Axis should win this war, these lads know, not only would that be the system we would have to follow, but in addition we would as the conquered face the prospect of working extremely long hours for just enough to keep soul and body together. For the Axis, under the leadership of Nazi officialdom, has been at work figuring these things out to the final syllable. The history of the conquered nations since the fall of 1939 proves that the Germans mean to make non-Germans the "hewers of wood and drawers of water" of the world's social system. Once they achieved victory they would set up quisling administrations in the conquered countries. Having control of raw materials, they would make certain that access to these would be reserved to them and to a lesser extent their allies the Japanese. Then indeed would the clock be turned back a thousand years: mankind would groan under the weight of a slaveocracy beside which the Russian system of serfdom obtaining up to the sixties of the last century or that of Negro slavery in our land would seem benevolent. For the German has shown that he combines ruthlessness with efficiency, and will stop at nothing to carry out his will.

To make certain that this blight does not fall upon our own land our fighting men are serving in virtually

WINTER OFFENSIVE!

THE BOYS IN ICELAND, ALASKA, THE ALEUTIANS, AND OTHER COLD SECTORS, ARE APPROPRIATELY CLAD IN REGULATION ISSUES, TO FIGHT THE WAR - AND WINTER WEATHER - BUT US 'CIVILIAN DEFENDERS' AT HOME HAVE TO PROVIDE OUR OWN MEANS TO COMBAT THE FRIGID BLASTS THAT BLOW AROUND THE WATCH-TOWERS, AND AIR-RAID WARDENS HUTS, ETC., THESE DAYS - AND SOME OF THEM ARE QUITE INGENIOUS - YOU WILL NOTE



IT GETS MIGHTY COLD UP IN THE OBSERVATION TOWER - ESPECIALLY AT NIGHTS. [AND SPEAKING OF WHISKERS]

every section of the habitable globe. We and our allies, holding to various philosophies of government, have in the face of the common enemy pooled our resources, and have pledged each to the others not to make a separate peace with the Axis aggressors. Even those countries which have been overrun by the enemy are furnishing men to the common cause.

The American soldiers of this war and those who served in 1917-'18 have had very little to say about after-the-war planning, preferring to put first things first in the scheme of things. Winning the war is the paramount concern of both our civilians and our men in uniform, for without that we should face a condition worse than death. We believe that the President of the United States and the Secretary of State are taking the occasion to say to our allies what the President said to Hitler and Mussolini in his message of April 14, 1939, that we stand for "the most practical manner of opening up avenues of international trade to the end that every nation of the earth may be enabled to buy and sell on equal terms in the world market as well as to possess assurance of obtaining the materials and products of peaceful economic life." *

To that we Americans stand pledged. At this stage of the war it is not necessary to go further.

The people of the United States have no territorial designs, and have no desire to force their ideas of government on other nations, except those which have shown that their way of life is a menace to us as well as other peoples. There are three such—Germany, Italy and Japan. We shall have to join with the other nations of the victorious alliance in setting up some system of control of those three countries for a period of years, lest the fruits of victory be frittered away.

No nation can live to itself alone, with the development of the airplane and other methods of communication. The farthest reaches of the habitable globe are physically closer to our national capital today than was George Washington at Mount Vernon in 1787 to Philadelphia, when he started from home to attend the Constitutional Convention. The toll of this war will be so heavy that the problems of keeping alive the populations of the various nations once the enemy has been conquered will tax the resources of the Western Hemisphere, which is likely to be the only section of the globe spared the actual devastation attendant on the clash of arms. Once that job of rehabilitation has been accomplished the equally important one of setting up safeguards against aggression from whatever source will have to be tackled. Once for all, mankind will have to find a design for living which by mutual tolerance will translate the aspirations of countless generations which have seen "through a glass darkly" the coming of peace that shall have no end.

To find a formula that the Hague tribunals and the League of Nations were unable to achieve, a formula that will be fool-proof in its every application, calls for a degree of intelligence, integrity and tolerance which human beings have never yet been able to call into being.

It is a challenge which we must meet, and it is for such a brave new world that we fight.

As a hymn which ironically is sung to the tune of *Deutschland über Alles* puts it:

"We are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time
In an age to ages telling,
To be living is sublime."

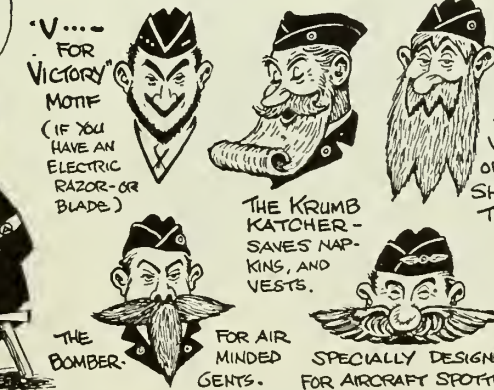
* See The American Legion Magazine, December 1942, Page 56.

"BEAVERS!!?"

IF THE SHORTAGE IN RAZOR BLADES KEEPS UP WE'RE LIKELY TO SEE WHISKERS BECOME POPULAR AGAIN - AND WE SHUDDER TO THINK OF THE HIRSHITE FACIAL ADORNMENTS WE MIGHT SEE AT SOME FUTURE POST MEETING - TAKE A PEEK AT THESE



"IT'S AN ILL WIND" THEY SAY -



MOST OF US WILL HAVE A TIME DECIDING WHICH STYLE BEARD WE'D LIKE TO RAISE - THERE ARE SO MANY DISTINCTIVE STYLES TO CHOOSE FROM, Y'KNOW.



NUDOMES NICKNAMED "CURLY" CAN LIVE UP TO THE APPELLATION THEN - IF THEY'LL PLAIT THEIR CHIN BROCCOLI, OR USE CURL PAPERS.

All-Out for Victory



Streamlined observation tower perched atop the County Court House at Mineola, New York, guarding the approach to New York City and a vital defense area. This post is maintained by Roger Williams Patterson Post and is pledged to service for the duration. There are no locks on the doors

THERE is nothing half way about the Legion's participation in the victory effort of our common country. On that point the veterans of the old World War and the several hundred veterans of the current conflict, who have been returned to civil life, now members of the Legion, are agreed. It is no exaggeration to say that The American Legion embodies the most victory-conscious group in the United States of America.

Its membership has been through war and they know it for a muddy, bloody, dirty piece of business. They know that the glory and glamor of war do not exist for the men who fight the battles, who see their comrades die beside them, or have their ships shot out from under them. All of that glory business is reserved for imaginative writers, writing for those to whom the war is something removed from personal experience. The global war of today, as fought by land, sea and air by highly trained and almost completely mechanized units, is a grimly realistic thing. And equally grim is the battle being fought on the



Darrell Dunkle Post, Reno, Nevada, has built shelters for service men on the main highway approaches to its home city

home front on the production line to get out all the things that are required for the purpose of keeping an Army, a Navy and an Air Force of millions of men in the field.

Legionnaires have accepted the realism of the struggle. It is a job to be done, and quickly. No sacrifice of personal comfort, of physical effort, of financial means is too great if it will hasten the end of the war and bring victory over the Axis powers—a victory complete and decisive; a victory so complete that the older men of the Legion, and of the nation, can be assured that our grandsons will not have to fight another World War.

Agreed, too, is the Legion demand that we win the war; win the peace, and return to the normal American way of life. To that war aim the Legion has dedicated itself, and its Posts in nearly twelve thousand American communities are directing their best efforts. Not only the Legion Posts, but enrolled under the same banner are the American Legion Auxiliary, the Forty and Eight and the Sons of The American Legion.



Lynn Wetherson Post of Spangler, Pennsylvania—always community-minded—gave a portable emergency lighting system to the Spangler volunteer fire company

The Sons of the Legion has sent more than one-third of its total enrolled membership into the armed forces, and it is likely that the lads will increase that percentage to a full one-half before the summer is well advanced. The end of the school year, when a new group of Legion Sons will complete their high school work, will release thousands more for active service. The 'teen age draft regulations remove the possibility of college attendance for those who are physically fit until the menace of Hitler, Hirohito and company has been squelched once and forever.

The war work of the Legion and its Posts runs the whole range of the national effort. Very few, if any, war activities can be named in which a Legion Post or individual Legionnaires are not exerting leadership. Small Posts, as well as the large ones, make their contributions.

One of the very first general calls to duty after the Jap attack on Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, was to man observation posts in the plan of civilian defense. Hundreds of Posts had crews of trained observers, but after that Sunday morning all observation towers went on a full twenty-four-hour basis, thus requiring the services of hundreds of volunteers. The Legion-trained observers broke them in—the efficiency of this service has been attested by commendation after commendation by the highest authorities in our military and defense system.

Last December, then, was a month of anniversaries. Some thousands of Legion Posts passed their first anniversary on the civilian front watch towers. The first year gave them time to perfect the system and provide and equip comfortable stations for the observers. For instance, Roger Williams Patterson Post of Mineola, New York, located out on Long Island in close proximity to a number of military air fields and

guarding one of the approaches to New York City, has progressed from a makeshift platform on the roof of the court house to a streamlined tower of modern design and construction erected on that same roof.

This Post, on December 8th, passed its first year on an all-out, twenty-four hour basis with a corps of 252 enrolled observers. Chief Observer Ed Grant, Jr., is organizing a corps of fifty reserves to fill in as men leave for armed service or for one reason or another are unable to serve.

The observation post has received a gold-star rating, the highest award that can be given for efficient operation. Publicity Officer Walter Frutnick says Patterson Post has pledged to man the station as long as there is need for it.

So, when the new tower was built no locks were placed on the doors—and no keys were issued to the officers in command.

At Ocean City, New Jersey, is another tower guarding a vital area. It is maintained by Morgan-Ranck Post, and it's atop the magnificent Municipal Pier, located on the ocean side of the boardwalk. Completed at a cost of \$1,280, it has been operating since December 21, 1942, says Chaplain Norman V. Sargent, and has maintained a full-time watch since that time. A corps of 150 observers serve, under the direction of Chief Observer Philip Shafto. In its first year, the Morgan-Ranck observation tower reported 8,500 plane flights and much activity at sea, including a head-on collision of two vessels. The highest number of flights reported in one two-hour watch was fifty-six, which kept the wires hot and the observers all a-dither. In the monthly inspections conducted by Army officers the efficiency rating of this tower has never fallen below ninety-eight.

That's just two of the dozens of reports; too bad the limitation of space does not permit going on through the folder. Now for some other phases of Legion activity.

Sale of War Bonds and Stamps is a national program. The Posts, however, at least most of them, believe that the Legion itself should set an example of practicing what it preaches—therefore most Post treasuries were stripped for the purchase of Bonds before the sales campaigns got under way. Building projects were scrapped, social programs went into the discard—the cash money went into Bonds to help Uncle Sam win his toughest war. Nearly every Post put



Medford (Oregon) Post held a Bond-Buying Party instead of an Armistice Day dinner. Left to right, on platform, District Commander Lloyd Williamson, Mrs. Lela E. Rogers (mother of Ginger), War Savings Committee Chairman; Post Commander Fritz Nissen, and Major General Charles A. Gerhardt



An old Austrian field piece of World War vintage, the gift of Charles P. Rowe Post of Pomona, California, goes to the scrap pile for recasting into modern weapons



on its special campaign, many on a straight house-to-house and office-to-office sales canvass; others with blare of bugle and ruffle of drum. All got results.

At Bangor, Maine, James W. Williams Post conducted a Bond and Stamp Auction—sale of items contributed by merchants, manufacturers and professional people to be paid for in War Bonds and Stamps. The plan worked, reports Legionnaire Harold A. Towle, and a round \$25,000 worth of Bonds was sold. The radio station, newspapers and local theaters coöperated in the sale. There's an idea worth considering by other sales committees—any idea that will turn in \$25,000 for Uncle Sam without a cent of profit for anyone is worthwhile.

Then out near the Pacific, Medford (Oregon) Post decided to hold a Bond-buying party instead of the usual Armistice Day dinner. The members gathered at the dugout and after a little pep-'em-up talk, rushed the platform for their Bonds. The members carried away \$15,000 worth. In New York City, Commander E. M. Whitty of Metropolitan Post reports a glowing citation for his Post for its work in organizing the 16,000 employees of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company for the purchase of Bonds, and thereby winning a Treasury Department "T" Banner for the company. That's only a few references to Posts at work on the home front.

In other fields of home defense individual Posts have proved their worth and their concern for the safety of their home communities. At Spangler, Pennsylvania, Lynn Wetherson Post presented an emergency lighting system to the Spangler Volunteer Fire Company—a portable one, easily carried by two men, but equipped with a spotlight and two flood lights adequate to care for any emergency need.

American Furniture Mart Post of Chicago, Illinois, gave its home city a completely equipped ambulance, at a cost of \$4,000, reports Adjutant Mortimer E. Stern. And at just

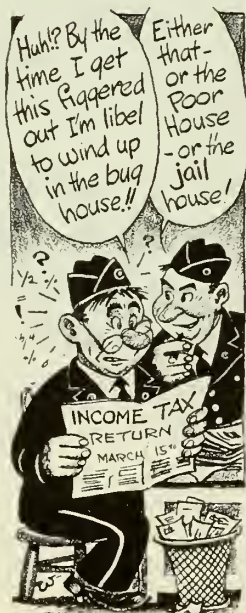
about the same time Roseland Post, also of Chicago, purchased a civilian-defense ambulance at a cost of \$3,600 which it presented to the city of Chicago, for service at the West Pullman fire station. Alfred J. Teninga, Post Publicity Officer, also reports that Roseland Post has invested \$10,000, raised in a modern-home project, in War Bonds. At Garfield Heights, Ohio, John R. Lawrence Post held a street fair which raised money enough to buy a fully equipped ambulance for use in civilian defense in Garfield Heights. A respirator, says W. L. Bedillion, Publicity Chairman, purchased by the Auxiliary Unit, was included in the equipment.

Another contribution to community welfare was made by the Richmond County (New York) Legion Council when it presented a complete mobile disaster unit to the Civilian Defense Council of Richmond County—given in

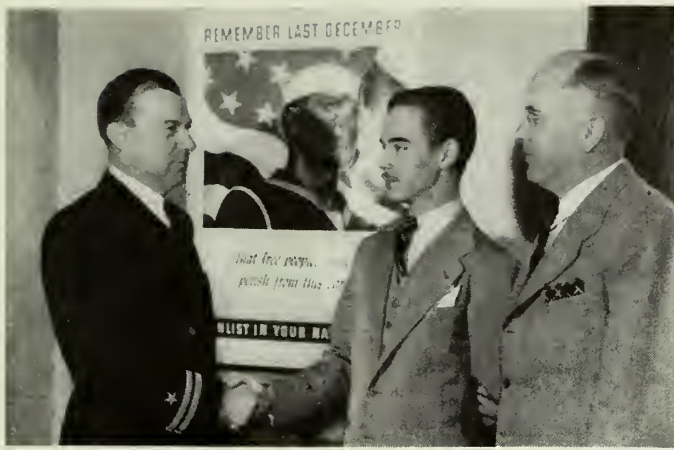
memory of County Commander James T. Smith, who passed away during his term of office. Fifteen physicians and surgeons, all Legionnaires, and a trained crew of twenty-five Legionnaires—all graduates of the Red Cross first aid school—make up the disaster emergency crew who work under direction of Dr. Robert M. Shields, County Commander. The disaster unit had its induction into service at a very bad pier-and-ship fire. The Richmond County Legion organization—that's Staten Island, across the harbor from New York City—has also contributed two blood banks to local hospitals and, to date, approximately 1,800 transfusions have been given.

That is another part of the victory effort.

Recruiting for the Navy was a very definite program carried on by hundreds of Posts before it was adopted as a national program. A. B. Chase, publisher of the *Hollywood Legionnaire*, sends



Exactly \$27,637.92 was the amount of the check handed Charles Crumpach (right), Camden County (N. J.) Commander, by Walter H. Donovan of the Garden State Racing Association as the Legion's share in "Armed Services Day." The money went to relief funds



Thomas W. Helm III (center), Virginia's first new veteran member, wounded at Pearl Harbor, shaking hands with Lieutenant Charles L. Kessler, Past Department Commander John J. Wicker at right. Legionnaire Helm enrolled with North Richmond Post

word that a Navy Recruiting Office was set up in Hollywood (California) Post clubhouse on January 15, 1942, under direction of Chief Quartermaster E. C. Pierson, a Post member, and later when the Post's Commander, Harry Ansel, signed up for Navy service, he was assigned to his own club house for recruiting duty. More than 2,400 recruits had been sent to Uncle Sam's fighting ships from this station before the first of December. And that is good work. At Cincinnati, Ohio, Columbia System Post resolved to enlist one man for the Navy for each member of the Post during Navy Recruiting Week, December 1st to 7th. An auxiliary recruiting station was set up, reports Publicity Officer E. M. Doran, manned by members and the work was going swimmingly when, on December 5th, orders were received to stop recruiting. The Post is officially credited with 450 enlistments during the five days of its campaign. And that, too, is good work.

Caring for the needs of service men is a job that has not been neglected. Reports have been received from a number of Posts that have set up recreational centers—some in large cities, some in small towns. Clarence A. Dunning Post at Summerville, South Carolina, has entertained more than 2,000 service men at its hut during the summer and fall months, and the same spirit is evidenced all over the country. Darrel Dunkle Post of Reno, Nevada, has erected shelters for service men at the east and west approaches to the city, for the benefit of transients, with a big sign requesting passing motorists to "Give Our Boys a Lift." The shelters have proved very helpful to men on furlough and to others who need to reach their destination with the least time and trouble.

Again, our friends of Moscarella Post of Spring Valley, New York—the Post that does big things with its scrap col-

lection program—report that 700 Christmas packages, each package containing fourteen items, was sent out to men in service. That outfit, says Tony Milewski, finances its work by scrap sales and voluntary contributions, and is maintaining the training brigade—now with 235 former members in the armed services—and is sending 250 cartons of cigarettes per month to local men with the fighting forces.

At Longview, Texas, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Nicholson gave their former home in that city to Bernay Camp Post for use as a Service Men's Center—a need that had been apparent for many months. The new home under operation and direction of the Post serves not only the casual service men, but the personnel and patients at a military hospital established there. At Chicago, again, Adjutant M. E. Connelly of the Seventh Legion District reports that large fans (not needed in February, of course, but the presentation was made to care for future needs) have been



given by the eighteen Posts of the District to the Chicago Service Men's Center.

And so it goes. Each month some 300 letters and reports come to the desk of the Stepkeeper telling of some project or some accomplishment by Legion outfits. The Legion is a working group, victory-conscious and lending every assistance possible to speed the day when, with a long sigh of relief, we can turn our thoughts back to the normal things of our every-day American life.

Service Fund

A GREAT number of Posts have engaged in various types of fund raising activities for the benefit of men in service, and nearly every fund-raising committee is looking for new ideas. Here is one that comes from the Camden County (New Jersey) Legion Council that produced more than \$27,000 in one day. And that is not hay in any part of the country.

The plan is a simple one. Interested members of the Camden County Legion, including Major James Bentley (current rank), County Commander Charles Brumbach, County Adjutant B. Everett Zelley and other members of the County Executive Committee, arranged for one day to be set apart as "Armed Services Day" by the Garden State Racing Association at their park at Camden.

Under the agreement all profits over and above the standard cost of operation were to be turned over to the Camden County Legion for distribution to various service funds. Though bad weather and transportation difficulties cut deeply into the anticipated attendance on "Armed Services Day," the Legion cut in the proceeds of the day amounted to \$27,637.92. And this fund the Camden County Legion divided three ways—
(Continued on page 52)



Burning the mortgage of the home of Emil Ewoldt Post at Manning, Iowa. Left to right, H. E. Meyers, H. J. M. Hansen, Peter F. Hansen, Captain Frank Miles, U. S. Army and editor of the Iowa Legionaire, Harry Hoffman, E. J. Kuhl and F. J. Mentzer

It's the Same Old Street

THIS department, in the issue for January, invited our Legionnaires-to-be—that is, the men and women now in uniform who will in time join our ranks—to submit pictures and stories of the revived camps (now mostly designated “forts”) of the First World War that the old-timers will remember. We reported that a present-day sergeant down in Texas had already submitted such a picture and we’re keeping our promise of showing it to you all this month.

If the alertness of this sergeant (now a lieutenant) showed is an indication of how much our present Army is on its toes, this war is as good as won.

Take a gander at the two snapshots of a company street that are displayed on this page. Believe it or not—it’s the very same company street, with a gap of a quarter-century between the taking of the two photographs. And we’ll let you be the judge as to whether or not the taking of the lower snapshot doesn’t comprise a believe-it-or-not story. First, however, let us refresh your memory to the extent that the picture of the inspection in the company street was used to illustrate Then and Now in the July, 1942, issue.

Shortly after that issue was distributed, this letter came from F. R. Shaughnessy of Troy, Ohio:

“In your July issue, on page 33 you show a photograph of Fort Bliss, Texas, taken in 1917.

“The enclosed snapshot is of the very same street taken twenty-five years later—August, 1942. This is Company B, 82d Chemical Battalion.

“The snapshot is submitted by my son, Sergeant Robert M. Shaughnessy.”

It was natural for us to jump to the conclusion that F. R. Shaughnessy was a veteran of our war, that he belonged to the Legion, saw the Fort Bliss pic-

ture in the July issue and sent the issue to his son who was stationed at Bliss. We wrote Mr. Shaughnessy to that effect and suggested even that he himself might have trained at Bliss during our earlier World War. That letter was sent by Mr. Shaughnessy to his son in Fort Bliss, and here is the surprising letter that came from Sergeant Bob:

“Thanks for your kind letter in regard to the letter and picture my father sent to your office. I took that picture

“I noticed the picture while looking through your Legion Magazine in the U. S. O. Club in our neighboring city of El Paso. It gave me an idea. I took the snapshot and sent it to my father and asked him to compare it with yours. Dad was not in the First World War—my sisters and I were already young members of his family. He borrowed a copy of your magazine from his friend, Jack Miller, a very active member of the Legion Post located in our home town of Troy, Ohio.

“Now if you compare the formation of the top of the hills in the background, you will find that my guess was good—it is the very same company street, although taken from a slightly different angle, and bare of soldiers, or equipment spread for inspection.

“I was inducted into service on January 27, 1942, and after completing my basic training in chemical warfare I was sent here as one of the cadre to activate a new battalion. Now it is fully trained and ready to meet the enemy on any front. I regret I can’t go with the gang, as I have been selected to attend Officer Candidates’ School. When I finish, I’ll be better prepared to give ‘em hell when I do get there.

“When you publish my picture, please send a copy to my father in Troy, Ohio, so I won’t miss seeing it. Thanks very much, and—Keep Us Fighting!”

BUT, going on with the story of the “then” and “now” pictures taken at Fort Bliss, we were handed a double-barreled

surprise! We wrote to Legionnaire Otto H. Hinkson at his home at 517 Rush Street, South Bend, Indiana, the man who let us use the Fort Bliss-1917 company street picture, asking him if he would lend it to us again so we could use it with Sergeant Shaughnessy’s snap-



Saturday inspection in a company street, Fort Bliss, Texas, as it was in 1917 and—below . . .



A snapshot of the identical street in Fort Bliss taken in August, 1942, by a present-day soldier

here at Fort Bliss after seeing the illustration in your July issue.

“I am a member of the 82d Chemical Battalion, located here on the very same spot pictured in the July Legion Magazine. Even out tents and much of our equipment are similar to those of 1917.

THEN and NOW

shot. A couple of months passed by, during which we mailed two follow-up requests, and finally there came a letter date-lined "Sheppard Field, Texas, November 16, 1942," from Hinkson, in which he said:

"Sorry your letter was late in following me from South Bend down here to Sheppard Field, Texas—but I happened to have the Fort Bliss picture with me, and here it is.

"Yes, I'm back in uniform. I enlisted on December 6, 1916, for World War I, and not long ago again joined up and am with the 404th T. S. S. here at Sheppard Field. During this past October I passed through Fort Bliss, where I soldiered in 1916 and 1917, on a troop train.

"As I told you last summer when I first submitted the Fort Bliss company-street picture, my son, Eugene H., was ready to go into service. Today he is with the 90th M. P. Company at Camp Berkeley, Texas, about 150 miles from my Field. I may try to get a transfer so I can be with my son—until one or both of us is moved again."

We had to telephone Army Information for the interpretation of the "T. S. S."—Hinkson's outfit. This new Army has produced so many new specialized branches and groups that an oldtimer like us is sometimes at a loss to know what they are. For your information that abbreviation stands for "Technical School Squadron."

And here is good news about our young contributor, Sergeant Robert M. Shaughnessy. In response to a telegram to his father, we received the following:

"My son, Robert, at Officer Candidates' School, received his commission on December 23d. He was Cadet Robert M. Shaughnessy, Company C, Regiment of Cadets, Edgewood Arsenal, Maryland."

So, in this issue, we can say "Congratulations, Lieutenant Shaughnessy."

THERE was a time, we'll admit, when the gobs weren't on their toes in getting proper representation in Then and Now—but those days have

gone forever! The ex-bluejackets certainly have more than a little to crow about concerning the heroic work of their branch of service in this present



The French populace turned out in St. Nazaire to bid farewell to the troop-loaded U. S. S. *Mongolia* in January, 1919



The six-inch gun crew engage in a little practice on the aft deck of the *Mongolia*

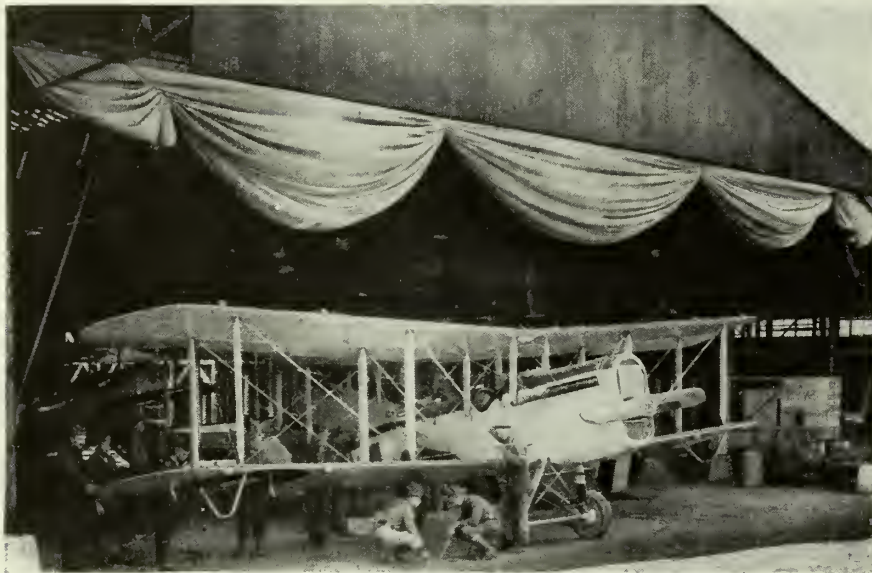
war, and it's reflected in these columns. As an outstanding example, we refer you to the issue for last October in which the North Sea Mine Force veterans set

as a sub base; the other picture shows our six-inch gun crew. That gun crew came off the U. S. S. *Huntington* to the *Manchuria*—a swell gang of fellows and a crack gun crew.

"On the sailing shown, we had aboard part of the Wildcat Division (81st) from down South, and set out for Newport News, Virginia. What a brass band those southern boys had! Before we sailed, a French band came out on the quay to play us a farewell tune, and they did all right until the Wildcat boys broke out their band with the 'Barnyard Blues' and it chased the French band right off the dock.

"The U. S. S. *Huron* and the





A then-modern De Havilland 4, with Liberty motor, is shown at the Air Production Center, Romorantin, France, 1918

U. S. S. *George Washington* were both in the port of St. Nazaire when we left on this trip, I think early in January, 1919. I had made five trips on the *Huron* before I went aboard the *Manchuria*.

"The picture was taken almost at the outer end of the canal that runs up through St. Nazaire—the canal which I understand the British Navy tried to plug up with an old destroyer during this present war, in an attempt to bottle up the German subs.

"It was on this trip that we backed into a barge, on which lived the barge captain, his wife and four children. Our left propeller hit the barge and almost tore it in half, and when she started to go down, the barge captain and his family came out of the cabin screaming and crying. Our division officer, Lieutenant Van Matre, gave orders to go over the side after the four kids who by this time were in the water, but a couple of Marines on the dock pulled the kids out. Any member of the *Manchuria* crew will recall this trip. After we dropped our load of soldiers at Newport News and got to New York, we held our Ship's

Ball at the Hotel Astor on Monday, January 27, 1919. . . .

"We had three guns on the *Manchuria*—two five-inch guns on the bow and a six-inch gun aft. The six-inch crew, as I said, came off the U. S. S. *Huntington*, one of the 'Big Four' of the Convoy Service—the other three being the *Montana*, *Seattle*, and *North Carolina*. The gun captain was Coxswain Hillis—he is the only man of the crew whose name I can recall right now.

"Our old skipper, Charles Freeman, at last reports was Rear Admiral Freeman and stationed at Seattle, Washington. I often wonder what became of the old *Mongolia* and *Manchuria*—two great ships. I made sixteen trips on the latter. And I often wonder what became of my old shipmates. Wonder if they are still in service, married and settled down, or



maybe gone over the side for good. That old saying, 'Shipmates Forever,' surely means just that. I wish I could hear from some of them. One of my shipmates, James Mercandino of Paterson, New Jersey, and I have managed to visit each other once a year for the last twenty-five years.

"So long, shipmates—I'm heading for my Legion Post meeting tonight."

AND now for a short flight with the Air Corps of that other war—our war—an air corps whose jallopies might compare with the present-day fighters and bombers as the one-hoss shay might compare with a super deluxe modern sixteen-cylinder automobile.

That "flight" is merely figurative, as our contributor, Roy P. McConahay of Van Wert, Ohio, was with the 466th Aero Squadron—a construction squadron based at Romorantin, France, (Continued on page 60)



All railroad men and all Martins. Where now are the members or the Martin quintet, 131st Company, Transportation Corps?

I'VE HAD MY FILL OF IT

(Continued from page 7)

dust and nobody ever ate any of it. However, it had to be cooked and served until it was all gone.

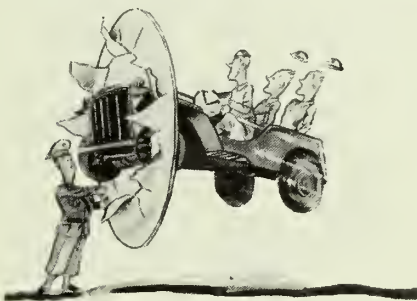
Presently we got a break from beans, sowbelly weavelly prunes and canned salmon. We began to get refrigerated beef and mutton from Australia and Sprague did well by us then. When we had chuck meat he had the kitchen police grind it into hamburger in the sort of little grinder you'll find in any three-room furnished apartment, and this was a dreadful chore. Sprague also worked up a pretty good hash from canned corn beef and after many trials he evolved a very good hot-cake which, served with syrup, was a godsend. He also made fresh coffee for every meal.

On Christmas day, 1898, we had two shoats roasted, brown baked potatoes, brown pan gravy, dried apple pie and black tea, this last donated by me. A friend had sent me five pounds for Christmas. The company commander, poor young devil, bought us each a quart of cold Schlitz beer from his meager hundred and a quarter a month. That was as close as we ever came to the modern ration.

We used to go forth on campaigns we called "hikes." For a hike the quartermaster sergeant (he combined the modern duties of mess sergeant and supply sergeant) would issue a hundred and fifty extra rounds of ammunition, one small can of corned beef, two cans of salmon, half a dozen big hardtack and some coffee and sugar. You put the sugar in the toe of an extra sock and tied a string above it; then you put the coffee next and tied another string; on top of that you put mixed salt and pepper. Then you forded a river up to your eyebrows. This was supposed to be three days' rations but it lasted for three meals and then we foraged and the hell with orders against it. If we killed a caribou we always selected a calf because we could only get one

meal off the carcass before it spoiled.

Once, when far removed from our transport and very hungry, my bunkie and I sank to the lowest gustatory depths. We slew and stewed and ate a trusting little monkey. I felt like a cannibal and Johnny swore the beast reminded him of his Uncle Mike back in Ireland, which almost ruined his



appetite. On another occasion we survived on the tail of an iguana, a four-foot green lizard that lives in trees. Both monkey and iguana were swell.

What bothered us, however, and brought on a perpetual longing, was the lack of green vegetables. The Army gave us some canned tomatoes but no canned vegetables, so we raided cornfields when we could and I used to gather the tender little shoots of sprouting bamboo and boil them. They helped. Also, we had a yearning for food with organic sugar in it, so we used to gather scrubby wild pineapples and mangoes and hide them in litter in a dark place and patiently wait two weeks for them to ripen. We had plenty of bananas, but a banana doesn't fill the bill.

I soldiered in that regiment from June 14, 1898 to August 16, 1899 and I was hungry every day and half nuts for vitamins found in fresh vegetables and also the minerals we needed and were deprived of. I suppose there were no bio-chemists in those days. The real hell of it was, though, that nobody seemed to care about a soldier's grub,

when he got it or how much of it he got.

When I was discharged in Manila I, in company with four hundred and fifty other discharged regulars, went home on the troopship *Tartar*. No provision had been made for feeding us. The 20th Kansas Volunteer Infantry was aboard but they wouldn't feed us, so, believe it or not, we starved from Manila to Hong Kong and that was four days and a half! We complained to our consul in Hong Kong but he said he thought we were doing very well and refused to save us; then somebody remembered the *Tartar* was a Canadian-Pacific vessel chartered to our Government, and flew the British flag. So we took our troubles to the British Harbor master, who refused the ship clearance until we were taken care of. The quartermaster thereupon hired four black China coasters as cooks—and if the trip to Manila was terrible the trip home was horrible.

Another lad and I discovered that these blackamoors sliced up the meat for breakfast about five A. M. and threw marvelous bones with meat on them overboard. Sometimes they were short with their throw and these wonderful bones landed in the scuppers. We used to nab them out and pick them sans salt and pepper and when these cooks saw this they put some extra zing into their pitch and no more bones landed in the gutters. Finally we became convinced they enjoyed depriving us of the garbage more than seeing us eat it; I was down to 118 pounds in my uniform and didn't have much pep, and my pal was in much the same fix, but when we realized Negroes were putting it over on us and virtually taking the garbage out of our mouths we went below and came up with our souvenirs. Mac had a *kris*, a wavy-bladed cut-and-thrust weapon about three feet long, and I had a forty-four caliber Remington pistol lifted from the body of a dead Filipino officer. Thereafter when we saw a bone with decent pickings on it



FOR GOD AND COUNTRY

we associate ourselves together for the following purposes:

to uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America;

to maintain law and order;

to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism;

to preserve the memories and incidents

of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation;

to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses;

to make right the master of might;

to promote peace and good will on earth;

to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy;

to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.

—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion

about to be hove overboard we desired that it should be brought to us where we waited, seated on the Number One hatch coaming. We demanded salt and pepper, too, and we got it. I often think that was the closest I ever came to murder. I know it was the closest I ever came to shame.

IN Hong Kong we discovered a restaurant called The Hong Kong, New York, London, Panama And San Francisco Restaurant. We gave this restaurant our singular trade and the Chinese proprietor couldn't understand it, although once he knew what we wanted he saw that we got it. We wanted green vegetables but dared not eat them because we knew that the Chinese fertilize their truck gardens with human feces and everybody in China has an intestinal bug of sorts. But—the cucumber crop was ripe and we could peel great big green cucumbers ourselves, sop them in vinegar and salt and mutter about the goodness of God!

Incidentally, quite a time before I discovered Chinese vegetables were very bad for little boys I had in the Philip-

pinas eaten the roots and raw green leaves from some cabbage our company commander purchased from the company funds. Alas, it had come over from China. In three days I had amoebic dysentery and had to wait twenty-three years before medical science had advanced to the point where a doctor could clear away the wreckage to my starboard gut.

I was back in civil life on my nineteenth birthday. My eldest brother met me as I came down the gangplank and after we had greeted each other I said: "Johnny, take me somewhere and feed me. I'm broke."

Johnny said: "Well, it's only four o'clock now and we're going out to Cousin Nellie's for dinner at six. She has a wonderful turkey dinner in your honor."

"Johnny," I said, "I can't wait. I've been hungry and semi-starved—at least suffering from lack of nutrition for sixteen months. I'll eat now."

So we went up town and I ate an eight-course dinner. Then we went out to Cousin Nellie's and Johnny told her he'd done his best to control me but I

wouldn't be controlled, so she thought her lovely dinner was going to be wasted as far as I was concerned. "It is, like hell," I said, and tied into it and even came back for seconds! I showed them how a man who knew how could eat and enjoy his fodder.

WELL, it was all for the best—not for me, but for the battery I commanded in 1917-'18. Remembering those old days I saw to it that my soldiers were fed a good balanced ration prepared by cooks who knew their business. The biggest kick I got out of the last war was watching those bucks eat. Also, at morning inspection of the kitchen, when I saw my cooks with nice fresh white aprons and caps, with their nails manicured and the kitchen freshly hosed out and everything spic and span and sanitary, I used to think rather well of myself.

And my men did, too. They used to brag that their Old Man had been through the mill and no goddam cook could put it over on him!

Yes, cooking is a thankless job, which is why so many cooks are insane.

HERE'S WHY THEY'RE TOPS

(Continued from page 13)

quarters neat as a pin, and to acquire that bearing so essential to anyone who has a command. And the command problems of the flying officer are the toughest in the Army. The "skipper" of a bomber is under the eyes of his crew at every moment of combat. He must have that subtle kind of control, without "pulling rank," that a good football captain has over his team. "Take care of your crew, and your crew will take care of you" is an idea which is pounded into every cadet's head, day after day.

After his "indoctrination" at Pre-Flight School, the pilot cadet goes to Primary School. Under the pressure of sudden expansion, the Air Forces handed this part of the training schedule over to civilian schools and civilian instructors, under contract. It turned out to be a boon in many ways. The civilian instructors are men who have taught every kind of flying tyro. They have patience, poise, and a great knowledge of what happens to human nature in the air. They have no terrifying rank bars on their shoulders, are easy to talk to, and have a fatherly sort of understanding for the quirks and fears which even the most courageous youngster goes through.

At Primary School, the cadet learns take-off and landing, simple flight maneuvers, and elementary acrobatics from the back cockpit of a light, open, two-seater monoplane, with dual controls. The first training flights are intense

emotional experiences. The instructor has to take the scare out of these new sensations, prove to his student that flying is easy and safe, make him relax, think, and "ease" his controls instinctively. There are tricks to that.

If a cadet is over anxious and too tense, the instructor makes a great show of being completely at ease even when the student bounces and weaves him all over the sky. He looks at the scenery, fiddles with his map, and is apparently unconcerned. It always works. The student gradually relaxes, and stays that way. There are cures also for the cocky fledgling who likes to take chances. The instructor leads him into a tight spot and doesn't pull him out until the young man is thoroughly scared. That generally works, too.

The civilian instructors do a superlative job. More cadets are eliminated in "Primary" than at any other stage of training—those who simply haven't the "flying knack" of quick, accurate thinking and speedy, steady reactions. The rest finish their Ground School courses in basic meteorology, navigation, engine and plane construction and related subjects, and are graduated after nine weeks.

The next stop of the "dodo"—as the pilot cadets have nicknamed themselves—is Basic School, for another nine weeks. Here the cadet meets a powerful plane with two engines, a radio, a complicated instrument board, and the Army instructor—not much older than himself—who will be his father,

mother, friend, and absolute master. He repeats the maneuvers that he learned at "Primary," but this time he must do them with absolute precision and in formation with other planes. "Basic" is the acid test of the fledgling pilot.

The young Army instructor is extraordinary, too. He would give his soul to go abroad, into combat and adventure. Instructing means at least five hours in the air every day—one with each cadet in his care; five grueling hours of ceaseless vigilance to prevent the student from making a split-second mistake that could cost their lives, and teaching him, over and over again, the maneuvers and tricks which will save his skin in some future combat. All the instructor ever sees is endless southern plains, and more "dodos." The instructors grumble and grouse, but they do their job with infinite patience and care.

One 20-year-old lieutenant told me about a student who could not seem to learn to put his landing flaps down in time. "I lie awake nights thinking about that guy," the young officer said. Another had just heard that a former student of his had been killed in combat. He kept repeating, "There must have been something I didn't teach him right."

Like the Primary instructors, these very earnest young men are continually figuring out ways of cutting down the "wash-outs."

Then there are students who fail to look at their instruments every few moments, as a good pilot should. One in-

structor discovered that by secretly turning off the gasoline supply valve and making the ominous red warning lights flash, he so scared his student that he never forgot to look at his instruments again.

There are schools for the instructors, too, where experienced educators, flight surgeons, psychologists, and other specialized officers coach them. A student loses much of his fear of the "blackout" that comes when he pulls out of a fast dive, if his instructor explains the physiology of it. There is a course on the practical use of personality. "Make the student like you; he will work harder"—is a cardinal precept.

In a Basic Trainer, the instructor sits in the rear seat, behind his student. He can watch the student very carefully, and does. While a cadet is learning to fly "blind"—by his instruments alone—or to bring his plane down at night on a dimly lighted field, or to maneuver in that wild aerial version of follow-the-leader known as the "rat-race," both their lives depend on the instructor's watchfulness.

At this point, the instructor must decide whether the student is to be a bomber pilot or a pursuit pilot. Usually it is fairly easy to tell. The pursuit pilot must have a recklessness and dash which will not do for the skipper of a Flying Fortress on whose calm and steady precision depends a quarter of a million dollars' worth of equipment and eight other lives of highly and expensively trained experts. "You know right away from the way a fellow flies his plane in a rat race," one officer said. "The man who ought to be a pursuit pilot loves it. The bomber pilot can do it—well, too—but he doesn't like it."

If he has passed all his check-rides and Ground School courses, the cadet goes for another nine weeks, either to Twin-Engine Advanced School—for bomber and other heavy craft pilots—or to Single Engine Advanced School for pursuit pilots. By this time he is thoroughly at home in the air.

To the Advanced Schools come digests of the war experiences of our pilots. The Air Services Intelligence discovers, for example, that a certain type of German plane has difficulty in turning to the left; that a certain Japanese plane is particularly vulnerable in one spot.

Actual fighting disclosed that there were some serious flaws in our fliers' training. The pilots were accustomed to superb weather, and to big airfields and broad runways. They were inadequately prepared for European storms, sleet, and fog, and for landing fields hacked out of the New Guinea jungle. That has been remedied. At Advanced School, the cadets now have to fly in every kind of weather and learn to "land on a dime." As part of Advanced School the pursuit pilot puts in five weeks at Gunnery

School—Fixed Gunnery, because he has to point his whole plane to fire the fixed guns.

Bombardiers and navigators go to the Flexible Gunnery Schools, because they serve guns on some types of planes. So do the enlisted men who operate the turrets of the big bombers.

The Training Command discovered that skeet shooting—firing at clay pig-



"With the whole doggone desert to fall on, I would hafta land on a cactus!"

eons mechanically thrown into the air at unpredictable and constantly changing angles—is the best introduction to aerial gunnery. So some of the finest skeet shots in the country first teach the young airman skeet shooting from the usual stationary platform, then from a moving truck.

The student learns to use a machine-gun with a realistic but economical compressed-air gun that fires BB shot. Then he is shown a row of 15 machine guns, each of which has something different the matter with it. He has to find the faults and correct them. After that, he learns how to run the power turret that mounts guns on the bombers. The touch of a control turns it in any desired direction and raises or lowers its 50-caliber machine guns. In a power-turret mounted on a truck, the student shoots at a target carried by a jeep which weaves around an erratic course. In the meantime, at lecture after lecture—the Gunnery student works 11 hours a day—he learns and memorizes the shapes and silhouettes of friendly and enemy craft, and the most effective way to shoot at each.

The Waller Trainer is the most amazing device of all. Five movie projectors throw on a huge screen a moving picture of what a gunner sees in combat. A sound track makes the illusion perfect. On a gallery are mounted a row of power-turrets, with guns which photograph instead of shoot. The student in the turret suddenly sees and hears a Zero streaking at him out of the clouds.

He swings his turret, aims his guns, and shoots. A compressed air mechanism even makes his guns recoil like real ones. His hits and misses are recorded automatically on a photographic strip. Every now and then a friendly craft is sprung on him, to see whether he has learned his lessons in plane recognition.

After this, they are ready for the air, to shoot at sleeve targets towed by other planes and to practice on markers on the ground simulating tanks, trucks, houses, and people. "Americans seem to be born marksmen," one officer told me. "If they are properly trained, they're terrific."

For a long time, every cadet wanted to be a pilot. It took an extensive publicity campaign to convince the young men of the country that the job of dropping the bomb was just as important as getting it there. It is—and it takes six months to learn how.

The incredibly accurate and very secret Norden bombsight—the newest pattern of which is used only by American bombardiers—is an object of veneration. The cadet takes an oath to protect its secret with his life. Each bombsight is wrapped in a zippered canvas case. Before every flight, the cadet must sign for it, and take it over from armed guards.

It must not be exposed for an instant before he is in the air, and must be delivered back to the armed guards immediately after landing. Textbooks dealing with the bombsight are kept in a safe and are used only in guarded study halls. The cadet may make no notes and do no homework dealing with it. He is taught how to destroy it if he should have to make a forced landing in enemy territory, and how to guard it in friendly country.

A student bombardier was recently forced down and injured near a middle western city. He insisted on taking the bombsight with him in the ambulance and would not be treated and risk unconsciousness until he had delivered it into safe hands. So proud are the cadets of their specialty that the "pullets"—as the fledgling bombardiers are known—refuse to wash off their "bombardier's eye" for days at a time. It is the black, sooty ring that the rubber eye-piece leaves on the user's face.

During the first weeks, the bombardier cadet learns his business from a rolling scaffold, about 15 feet high, that looks much like a giant version of a baby's high chair. He sits on it, the bombsight mounted in front of him. On the floor is the "bug"—a box about two feet square which moves on wheels according to the whims of the instructor. On the "bug" is an accurate scale drawing of a German submarine or some other appropriate target. The cadet sights, lets his imaginary bombs go, and an automatic mechanism shows whether he has hit or not.

After the "pullet" gets his fundamentals and goes into the air, he drops no less than 200 practice bombs—from various altitudes from 500 to 15,000 feet, where oxygen masks must be used, and under every kind of flying condition—before he gets his wings. Two bombardier cadets go up at a time on these "bombing missions," with a pilot and an instructor. One cadet, crouching in the bombardier's "blister" in the nose of the ship—an instructor sitting behind him—drops half of the bombs in the rack on a series of target circles which are whitewashed on the ground of the bombing range, while his partner—with a movie camera—takes pictures of each bomb flight and hit through the open doors of the bomb-bay. Then they

change places. The developed film shows in feet how far each hit was from the exact center of the target. The result decides whether he gets his wings.

The navigator cadet, known in the service as the "jackpot," gets an equally thorough training. For six months, he flies in every kind of weather across country in every direction, practicing over and over again the celestial navigation, dead reckoning, map reading, recognition of landmarks that he has learned in theory on the ground. To get his wings, he must be able to figure to the mile where he is and to the minute when he is going to arrive at his objective. On a correct "E.T.A."—"estimated time of arrival"—and an absolutely precise course depends the success

of a bombing mission in actual war.

When the pilot, bombardier or navigator has his wings, and the gunner his wings and chevrons, he has graduated from the Flying Training Command and is sent to an operational training unit. Here, bomber teams—which stay together all through their combat service—are made up, and trained on long and difficult flights in Fortresses and other heavy ships. Incidentally, bombardiers, navigators and gunners informally pick up enough about flying so that any one of them can bring a ship home, should the two pilots be killed or wounded. This has happened several times in this war. After a few weeks of this the Army Air Forces consider them finally prepared for combat. They are.

IN OUR CORNER: AFRICA

(Continued from page 9)
scouts at Vichy, throughout Unoccupied France and North Africa.

In explaining this policy in simple terms, also our action in maintaining staffs at Berlin and Tokyo even after we had become enemies in fact, Mr. Hull said:

"Many people imagine that you cannot maintain diplomatic relations unless you are on agreeable, friendly relations. That does not mean anything.

"I have seen so many people—lawyers, for instance—who do not speak to each other except in a law suit or in transacting business. You would not know but that they were good friends, though they were as bitter as they could be. You doubtless know of many people who never speak unless they have to—except in business.

"So it was in that sense that we kept up this fiction of diplomatic contact. We had great objectives in mind. It was utterly immaterial to us whether we spoke to Laval when we met him on the street, just so we could carry forward these objectives."

There is the core of our Vichy policy in a Tennessee nutshell!

The Secretary of State then sought means to effectuate this highly practical and materialistic philosophy. To a broken, prostrate and hopeless France Marshal Pétain was a symbol—a memory of happier days, so Mr. Hull looked around for an American whose presence at Vichy would recall old ties between the two nations. His first choice was General John J. Pershing, still an idol overseas, but our World War Commander was too ill. So he chose Admiral Leahy, an old friend of the Defender of Verdun and of Admiral Darlan who died at the hands of an assassin late last December.

Bill Leahy's contribution cannot be overestimated. He reminisced over World War days with the naval and

military men at Vichy. He told them in detail of America's growing industrial and military might. He is credited with having convinced Darlan, and possibly Pétain, who thought after Dunkirk that England would soon be brought to her knees, that the Axis could not win under any circumstances.

The North African military campaign was born in Mr. Hull's high-ceilinged, mid-Victorian office, proving once again his farsightedness. On a Saturday afternoon, October 12, 1940, he summoned our highest Army and Navy strategists, and reviewed as well as forecast the world situation. The date when he held his history class is important, for it was eight months before Germany invaded Russia and almost fourteen months before Pearl Harbor. He envisaged both those developments and their import.

He suggested that Germany, more than ever before, held the whip hand; that Berlin would continue the bombardment of Britain without letup until she was conquered; that Hitler might soon persuade Japan to enter the fray. He also pointed out that a logical move would be for Der Fuehrer to attempt a conquest of Africa from Gibraltar to the Suez Canal, thus making the Mare Nostrum an Axis pond. With President Roosevelt in agreement, he forecast that the Mediterranean, theater of so many

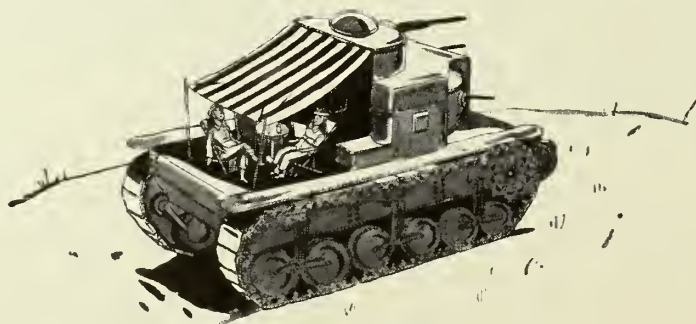
major struggles since the dawn of known history, would "present a vital area of a decisive conflict before the war was over."

The United States was not then a belligerent, but the Cabinet member's observations influenced Army-Navy thinking. It explains, no doubt, the meticulous preparedness which marked our actual invasion of that area.

Decision to translate the Hull program into battlefield reality was made when Mr. Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill discussed the question during the latter's visit to Washington last June. It was then that F. D. R., on the basis of Mr. Hull's talk and confidential memorandum to the Joint High Command, gave the green light to Chief of Staff Marshall, Admiral Leahy and the then Chief of Naval Operations Stark.

Almost simultaneously with this momentous conference at the State Department, Mr. Hull opened a diplomatic, propaganda and reconnaissance front in North Africa. As in France, he felt it was essential that the eyes of natives and colonial Frenchmen should be turned in hope toward Washington rather than Berlin. Their economic plight was difficult, and it seemed that the proffer of a Samaritan hand might make friends for us in that key area.

So he sent Robert D. Murphy, then



Africa interlude



MORALE IS A LOT OF LITTLE THINGS

"I LOVE MY DAD . . . I'm glad he's mine . . . I want him for . . . my Valentine."

And that, you can be sure, is the most important thing in Mr. Gordon's mail this morning!

We all know why. We all know how much little things can mean to us—especially nowadays.

Small acts of kindness . . . a new tie your wife "just couldn't resist" . . . a picture from Tommy with a new stripe on his sleeve . . .

A lot of little things . . . They help you over the rough spots—they help to keep *morale* up.

☆ ☆ ☆

It happens that millions of Americans attach a special value to their right to enjoy a refreshing glass of beer . . . in the company of good friends

. . . with wholesome American food . . . as a beverage of moderation after a good day's work.

A small thing, surely—not of crucial importance to any of us.

And yet—*morale* is a lot of little things like this. Little things that help to lift the spirits, keep up the courage. Little things that are part and parcel of our own American way of life.

And, after all, aren't they among the things we fight for?

*A cool, refreshing glass of beer—
a moment of relaxation . . .
in trying times like these they
too help to keep morale up*



Counselor of Embassy at Vichy, to Algiers to consult with General Maxime Weygand, who commanded Pétain forces in all Africa. Mr. Murphy is a big, blond, grinning, forceful fellow with a captivating personality that equipped him for his special assignment. He found Weygand anti-Fascist, and on February 25, 1941, they initiated the kind of agreement our Secretary of State wanted. Vichy also assented to it, oddly.

Under this compact French authorities in North Africa were permitted to buy from us certain necessary, non-military products for civilian consumption, with an explicit promise that they would not be exported to metropolitan France or to Germany. French funds in this country were unblocked by a special Treasury license, and they bought oil, textiles, sugar, tea, kerosene, agricultural machinery. In return we purchased such strategic materials as cork, olive oil, red squill, etc.

Far more important than this economic arrangement, however, was the permission given the State Department to station twenty highly efficient "control officers" in this area to supervise distribution and to insure that not a drop or ounce of these commodities reached the Axis. Although they consisted of Vice-Consuls, most of them were picked by the Army and Navy. Besides a precise knowledge of French, the majority had enjoyed naval or military training.

They did much more than serve as accountants, inspectors and bookkeepers. They were permitted to move freely in the coastal and hinterland regions, and their reports proved invaluable later. They told of the strength of harbor and land fortifications, the location of air fields, the material resources available, the prospects of welcome or resistance by the inhabitants. They made pals for the United States (every drum, box or bag bore the words, "U.S.A." in mighty letters), established contacts with friendly French officials and other anti-Axis elements, spread good will for the United Nations.

Their position became difficult after our entrance into the conflict. Germany high-pressured Vichy to drive them out, but Pétain would not bow. Hitler cited their presence in demanding that North African naval bases be turned over to him. Weygand protested against acquiescence, which cost him his post as Governor General, but the Nazis did not obtain these immensely important centers. Our men's labors won us such friendship that Vichy did not dare to act too highhandedly in this area.

Last summer the flow of goods dwindled to a trickle, due partially to domestic shortages and because of Administration baiters' charges that we were "appeasing" the traitorous Laval. When shipments stopped altogether, there seemed to be no justification for our scouts' continued presence on the scene. As French officials explained to

Mr. Murphy, it was a unique situation—namely, a neutral power (France) to permit representatives of a belligerent (the United States) to remain in her territory for the ostensible reason of checking supplies which did not and would not arrive.

But Admiral Leahy, recognizing the value of their work, sent a directive from the White House demanding that the shipments go forward. "Damn the critics!" roared a high Army officer. "We need the last-minute information those boys are turning up!"

So the goods flowed on, and two ships—the *Aldebaran* and the *Ile de Re*—were loading at New Orleans for a return voyage when the Eisenhower expedition landed.

From August until mid-October, when details for the invasion were nearing completion, Mr. Murphy and his chief aides commuted almost weekly between their stations, London and Washington. The last word "Bob" gave the General before the shoveoff from the British capital was that he need expect scant resistance except from French naval units at Casablanca. The event proved the accuracy of his judgment.

In short, Cordell Hull directed the strategy, called the plays and, in the grand goal line drive, his youngsters ran interference for the Army and Navy. That is the inside story of an operation which historians may some day characterize as the turning point in the world's greatest war.

AMERICAN ALL THE WAY

(Continued from page 5)

thirty-nine and was told he was too old to go over there with his song. Nor did the critic probably know that all the royalties from the sale of "Over There" were devoted to patriotic charities.

It's likely that Cohan merely shrugged his shoulders at the blast, because the greater part of his career was spent in violent verbal combat with editors and dramatic critics. The latter jeered and fumed at his flag-waving acts in "Little Johnny Jones," "George Washington, Jr." and "The Yankee Prince." The flag they said was dragged in to save his bad shows. But, oddly enough, the shows played to jammed houses all over the country, and such songs from them as "A Grand Old Flag," "Gee, Ain't I Glad I'm Home Again," and "Any Place the Old Flag Flies" were sung in every parlor and whistled on every street from Maine to California. The critics couldn't understand it—and Georgie jeered right back.

The reason wasn't far to seek. In all his jingoism and flag-waving George Cohan was sincere. The great American public which came to the theater just to be entertained loved this cocky,

aggressive youngster, "a real live nephew of my Uncle Sam, born on the Fourth of July," as he told them out of the corner of his mouth. They loved his speed and his swagger and quick-witted independence. He was the impudent spirit of Yankee Doodle come to life at the turn-of-the-century, with a derby and cane instead of a cocked-hat and spurs, and he rode an imaginary pony right into their hearts.

And young George found other ways to confound his critics. Erlanger loftily asked him if he thought he could write a play without a flag in it.

"I can write a play," replied cocky George, "without anything but a pencil."

And to prove it, he sat down and wrote "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway," a little comedy which made a million dollars profit.

Then in 1913 he dramatized an Earl Derr Biggers story, "Seven Keys to Baldpate," and broke the then unbreakable law of playwriting. The audience was actually kept in suspense until the last curtain. That was the beginning of the whodunit plays.

"On what lines do you plan your plays?" one puzzled critic asked him.

"On the New York Central and Pennsylvania lines, mostly," replied Cohan, airily.

There are a hundred yarns about the legendary Cohan; his tempestuous fights with theater managers, his fury at accepting any sort of dictation. Many of them are just that—legendary.

He was a storm center in the theater for many years. When the actors' strike came along in 1919, he fought it tooth and nail. He believed that they were being misled and that his rights as a producer were being assailed. However, it was not actors he was fighting, but a principle which he felt was contrary to a spirit of individual independence.

Right or wrong, it was this same man who, twenty years later when a factory in North Brookfield, Massachusetts, was struck by lightning, immediately offered \$100,000 to repair the damage, so that the townspeople might not be kept out of work.

"It was there I got the only smatterings of real boyhood I have ever known," he told a crony. "I want to keep that town going."

There spoke the real George Cohan, prickly as a cactus, shrewd and belliger-



BEWARE THE ANGER OF A PATIENT MAN

Abraham Lincoln was a patient man. But the wrath of Lincoln, the War President, was withering and relentless. Uncle Sam is patient. So are the millions of simple, peaceful Americans he represents. But his anger and theirs fully aroused will teach the Axis aggressors that it is something to be respected and feared.

☆ ☆ ☆

The coming of war, forced upon a peaceful people, has exhausted this patience. It is replaced by a grimness that can only come from righteous anger. Each American has his own way of expressing his anger. The men of American Central are expressing it with war materials for our fighting forces. The ever increasing flood of production is evidence of their steadfastness of purpose.

☆ ☆ ☆

Let the enemies of America take what comfort they can from their early successes. The war is just getting started. The men of American Central have dropped their peace time tasks and joined hands with their comrades in America's Armies and Arsenals to teach our enemies a lesson. To beware the Anger of a Patient Man—particularly if he happens to be Uncle Sam.

AMERICAN CENTRAL
MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
CONNERSVILLE • INDIANA

ent on the outside, but sentimental and generous underneath. Perhaps that's another reason for the success of his plays. His heroes were all big-hearted guys. They might make a mistake now and then, but they always did the right thing in the end. There was a little of the guy, who was known on Broadway as a "soft touch," in every one of those plays.

But there isn't any doubt that the gibes and baiting about flag-waving left their scars. I remember a fiftieth birthday interview, when one of the flashlight brigade brought in a flag and wanted him to pose with it.

"We'll skip that one, boys," he said, quietly. "I'm getting too old to take the kidding about that."

So they took shots of him at the piano and at his desk correcting a script. It wasn't what they wanted, but it was what they got.

And George Cohan went right on doing things his own way. As the years rolled by, one after another of the critics succumbed to the Cohan spell. Suddenly, they began to find all sorts of subtle meanings in his plays, meanings which he himself had no idea were there—and to his utter astonishment after his appearance in Eugene O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness" he was proclaimed First Actor. His drawling comment on the first was: "It's just a show." And to the second: "I'm a song-and-dance man."

That was his evaluation of himself. Actor, producer, author of fifty plays and collaborator on thirty-five more, composer of over five hundred songs, the man who has probably had more effect on the American theater than any other of his time summed up his whole achievement in that title. He started out as "a song-and-dance man," and that he'd be to the end of the last act.

Came election night, 1937. Cordons of police barred off the entrance to the Alvin Theater. You had to show your tickets half a block away from the lobby. George M. Cohan was back on Broadway in a musical for the first time in ten years and he was going to do something that no actor had ever done before—satirize a living President of the United States on the stage.

THE curtain went up and on swung that familiar, jaunty figure, white-haired now, but still ruddy faced and agile as of yore. Beyond a pair of eyeglasses and a morning coat, he made no attempt to look like his model. But the craft of years was there, gesture and manner were perfect. It was satire without sting, and George Cohan's portrait of a bewildered, tap-dancing president was a climax to his career. The audience rose and cheered him.

I wondered as I watched him that night, if he was remembering another opening night thirty-three years before,

a night which marked the election of another Roosevelt. His hair was darker and his feet more nimble when he pranced out on the stage of the Liberty Theater as Little Johnny Jones for his first success. Of course, none of us knew that "I'd Rather Be Right" was to be his last big hit and that his span was to be bounded by T. Roosevelt and F. D. Roosevelt.

I wondered, too, if he remembered that night back in '17 when he hauled that crumpled paper from his pocket and put a thrill up my spine that I've never forgotten.

Likely he had. George lived a full life. But he was to remember it later, because Congress had already belatedly awarded him a gold medal, and the only reason that held up its delivery was that George Michael was actually too shy to go down to the White House to collect it. Finally, in 1940, he made the trip.

"Well, how's my double?" shouted the President, as he was ushered into the Executive office.

"Fine," said Cohan. "How do you feel about him?"

"Oh," said the President, grinning, "I always thought you were very good on the stage."

"Thanks, Mr. President," said Cohan, "I've always thought you were great on the radio."

The medal, he said afterward, gave him the biggest thrill he had ever had in his life. On one side it bore the

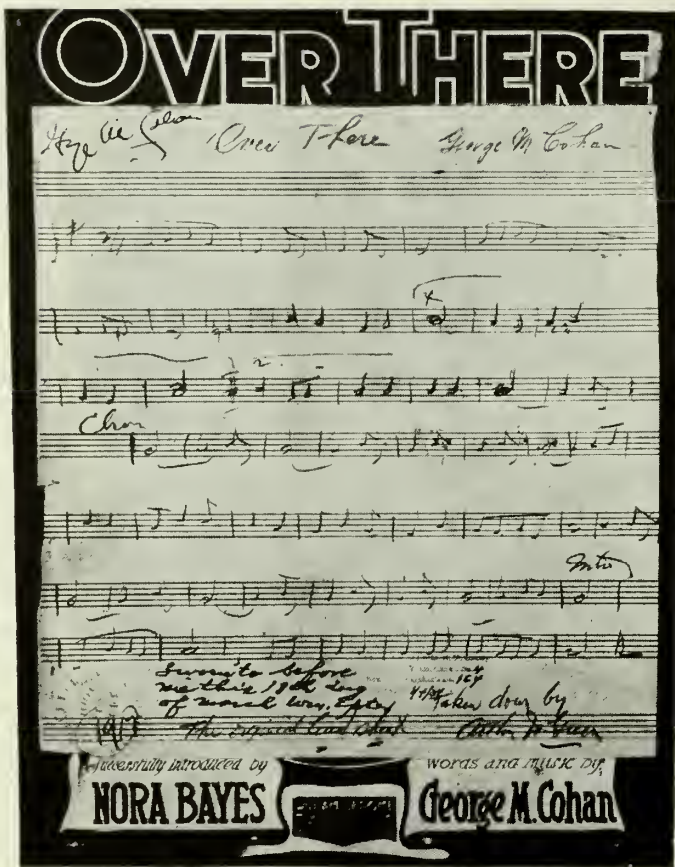
inscription: "Presented to George M. Cohan by Act of Congress dated June 29, 1936, in recognition of his services during the World War in composing the patriotic songs 'Over There' and 'A Grand Old Flag.'" On the other side under his name was an eagle in flight superimposed upon an American flag.

He was asked that day the name of the next war song he would write.

"I hope we will never have to write another one," he said, soberly. "But if we do, I will have to turn the job over to some younger man."

HE was right in his last prophecy. Last November the Final Curtain was rung down for the indomitable spirit of Yankee Doodle Dandy. All of the Broadway he sang and wrote about thronged to St. Patrick's Cathedral to bid farewell to one of its most beloved and illustrious. But George Michael Cohan didn't sing and play just for Broadway. A bit of his heart was in every little town and city over the country, and millions who were never lucky enough to see him will mourn the passing of a great American.

Why old New York is just the same
to me
As Steubenville or Kankakee.
'Way down south or 'way up north,
East or west is Paradise.
Any great big gay town,
Any little jay town,
Any place the Old Flag flies."



The "lead sheet" of George M. Cohan's classic of the First World War which he used when he sang it that first time

Times like these teach us a new gratitude for the simple things in life. A quiet evening of rest, a friendly game with a next door neighbor, good talk, good refreshment, these make a welcome interlude of sanity in a seething world. For millions of Americans that interlude becomes calmer, happier, more content with a glass of friendly Schlitz.



Copy. 1943, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

*America
votes for
No bitterness*



Just the kiss of the hops — all of the delicate flavor — none of the bitterness. Once you taste America's most distinguished beer you'll never go back to a bitter brew. You'll always want that famous flavor found only in Schlitz.
In 12-oz. bottles and Quart Guest Bottles. On tap, too!



**THE BEER THAT
MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS**

THE BOTTLE

(Continued from page 11)

Through circumstances, which I dare not reveal in this note, two of my men and myself have come across vital information concerning a new Japanese air weapon tested at Midway and we have learned how Japan plans to use this weapon in the near future.

Please try to send a plane for us the moment you read this. I must get the information into American hands. On the back of this sheet of paper I am listing our approximate location, with identifying landmarks of our island, and landmarks in the vicinity.

God pray you get this in time. And send a plane large enough so that all nine of us can be rescued.

CAPTAIN G. C. HENDRIKS

COMMANDER WILLIAMSON rose, tugged the sash of his robe tighter, came around the desk, sat on the edge. He picked up the bottle, and held it in the light, and turned it in his hands. He held it up again and studied it, and then set it down. He turned to his men, and smiled.

"Nothing to worry about," he said, finally. "Thanks, men, you can go home now."

It was Lieutenant Dawson who protested. "But, sir, it's most vital, isn't it? I mean, sir, what do you intend—"

Commander Williamson's round face broke into a beaming grin. "I'm sure you men are now positive I don't know my job. Well, I've much to learn. But,

there's much I've already learned. This bottle for example." He picked it up again, and placed it on his knee. "It's important. The note in it was certainly written by Captain Hendriks of our Navy. And I'm sure, too, Captain Hendriks and his men were adrift, and would now like to be rescued. But this bottle has a greater importance."

Lieutenant Dawson, with Powsky and Seaman Gurkey edging in alongside him, was puzzled. "Greater importance?"

"Yes." Commander Williamson ran his hand down over the bottle. "This is the reason the Japs won't win the war."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean," said Commander Williamson, calmly, seriously, "that the Japs think we're going on with business as usual. They don't understand, yet, that our factories which once manufactured juke boxes are now converting the steel of one juke box into steel for five light machine guns. They don't understand, yet, that our factories that once produced phonograph records now turn the shellac of one record into water-proofing the primers of 33,000 rifle cartridges. They don't understand, yet, that our factories—"

Lieutenant Dawson, drunk with impatience, brushing aside superiority, interrupted hotly, "But what's that got to do with the bottle and the message?"

Commander Williamson grasped the bottle by its neck and held it up before the others. "Read the printing on this bottle . . . *One Quart . . . Randolph*

Straight Bourbon Whiskey . . . Distilled and Bottled by Randolph Distilling Company . . . Milwaukee, Wisconsin . . . March, 1942 . . ."

Lieutenant Dawson absorbed the printing on the glass, then spoke from his confusion. "It sounds legitimate enough to me. There are bottles of this stuff on every boat and—"

"Sure," admitted Commander Williamson, smiling. "Sure it's legitimate, too damn legitimate. The Japs copy perfectly, but they don't know when to stop. Most of all, they just don't understand the United States or American industry—"

Lieutenant Dawson, with the others, was shaken. "You mean the Japs sent—"

"Of course the Japs themselves sent this bottle. You see, I know, and the Japs don't, that the Randolph Distilling Company, like most other liquor companies making bottles, has been manufacturing only glass instrument panels for navy bombers since December, 1941! And the imprint on this whiskey bottle is March, 1942! . . . I'm sure more of these will turn up, clever tricks to get us to send one of our long-range bombers to the island in the note, so that they can ambush and capture it whole, for use in imitation or for some deceptive use against us . . . We'll oblige, of course, but not with one bomber. With fifty, maybe! . . . It might have worked, but those Japs just don't understand American industry . . . and now . . . they'll suffer!"

FIRST TO WRITE

(Continued from page 23)

Also renowned for highballing on the roads was James L. Freaner, doubling as New Orleans *Delta* correspondent and official dispatch bearer. His "Mustang" signature was self-conferred in honor of killing a Mexican officer at Monterey and succeeding to his horse.

As well as the combat reporters, the staff members of *Yank* have ancestors older than the most doddering survivors of the original *The Stars and Stripes*. Soldier-printers "worked" Army newspapers from hand-presses in all the important camps of the Mexican campaign.

First of them all—and so the Adam of the S. & S. and *Yank* line—was *The American Flag* of Matamoros, Mexico. No sweetness and light affair, the *Flag* was the original source of the detailed stories of looting and assault by the lawless fringe of volunteers it denounced as "coward scoundrels" disgracing the name of the American soldier.

The Civil War, too, had its camp newspapers—mostly Union, and its combat reporters—mostly Southern. A

considerable part of the Confederacy's war news was mailed and telegraphed by men who were both army officers and professional newspaper correspondents.

One of the war's oddest careers was that of Henry M. Stanley. The future titan of African exploration went into the war as a soldier in the Confederate Army and came out as an enlisted man in the United States Navy. He commenced journalism during that Navy stretch, participating in attacks on Fort Fisher in 1864 and 1865 and writing accounts of the actions which were welcomed by the newspapers.

The full-time non-combatant news-men writing the most of the North's news were "specials" representing the leading individual newspapers of such metropolitan cities as New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis.

This was a war made to order for dashing reporters—from their standpoint, perhaps, the model one of all time. This was the war in which they really did leather about the battlefields on courier service, snatch up the flag from

falling hands, run the enemy forts in gunboats, elude or fail to elude guerilla bands and stage melodramatic escapes from prisons.

From '62 forward were continuous years of great battles. The fighting still was of the sort the eye could follow. And, for all the commanding officer opposition to specials with the armies, the boys generally managed to be all over the field when things were happening.

As writers they tore off individual stuff constituting some of the best and some of the worst word-weaving ever put to print in the nation's newspapers. As news gatherers they were expected to rustle their stuff by personal observation. As news deliverers they often had to be their own express riders in getting the story to the home paper.

After Gettysburg, Charles Carleton Coffin of the *Boston Journal* rode 28 miles on horseback to Westminster, caught an all-night freight train to Baltimore, and succeeded in filing only a half-column to his paper and a message to Washington officialdom. Then he jour-

neyed on to Boston where he was smuggled into a plant besieged by the curious and wrote his detailed, eye-witness story.

George W. Smalley of the New York *Tribune* rode with Hooker on a reconnoitering expedition the day before Antietam, carried messages for the general through the thickest of the fighting, twice had his horse shot from under him. After the battle he visited camp after camp, sat in with the *Tribune's* three other witnesses of the battle as all prepared hasty reports, and then swung into the saddle for a six-hour ride to the Frederick telegraph office with the brief accounts.

In the morning it was an argument with an operator who finally put through a short dispatch to Washington. First coherent account of the battle to reach officialdom, it was held there until night before being sent on to Smalley's paper. The correspondent reached Baltimore that night, found no wires available, and wrote his six-column detailed account on the train to New York. It was, perhaps, the best battle account of the war.

W. S. Furray of the Cincinnati *Gazette* pointed through Georgia for his home city on a night train which also carried a rival Queen City correspondent in possession of a list of the dead and wounded in one of the Atlanta battles. The train jumped the track, killing and injuring a number of passengers and smashing the car in which the correspondents were riding. Ten minutes later they came together in the dark and found that each had been hunting the other's body and notes.

Of the several hundred serving as professional correspondents at one time or another, Smalley and Coffin were probably the outstanding ones of all. Coffin, historian and novelist best remembered for his "Boys of '76" juvenile, was the only battle reporter working the war from start to finish. He and Smalley had no monopoly of spectacular performance, however.

There was the New York *World's* Edmund Clarence Stedman, poet and future Wall Street magnate, catching up the standard of the Massachusetts Fifth at the first Bull Run and rallying the men about him. There was B. S. Osborn of the *Herald* who was appointed Farragut's signal officer and was the only newspaperman to run the forts at New Orleans. There were Albert D. Richardson (post-war victim in a sensational murder) and Junius T. Browne of the New York *Tribune* who were captured running the Confederate batteries at Vicksburg and escaped from Salisbury, N. C., prison to make their way through the rebel lines. There was young Henry E. Wing of the *Tribune* coming out of the Wilderness with the first fighting news and outwitting Mosby's guerillas and Confederate cavalry.

These are established incidents. In the realm of the dubious and the patently

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All-American
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in the story of that
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GEO. M. COHAN
YANKEE DOODLE DANDY
with **JOAN LESLIE** **WALTER HUSTON**
RICHARD WHORF
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Screen Play by Robert Buckner and Edmund Joseph
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Never A Better Entertainment...
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mythical, there was the New York Times correspondent hauled from the bushes by Grant and Meade after they had taken to a thicket for secrecy in discussing the next day's battle plans. There was a *Herald* correspondent smuggling a story out of Libby Prison in the button of an exchanged prisoner's coat. There were the other jugged specials sneaking news to the world in chewing tobacco, boot soles, re-sewed wallets.

AS Kendall, Thorpe, and Freamer were the direct ancestors of the Marine combat reporters, Smalley, Coffin, Whitelaw Reid, Richard T. Colburn, L. L. Crounse, Henry Villard, and the other Civil War civilian stars were the direct ancestors of such 1942-43 by-liners as Leland Stowe of the *Chicago Daily News*, Gault MacGowan of the *New York Sun*, Russell Hill of the *New York Herald Tribune*, and Stanley Johnston of the *Chicago Tribune*.

As with Johnston and his Midway story, they were often in hot water with the authorities. Grant had little use for the reporters. Sherman, Halleck, McClellan, and others ran them out at opportune times. Johnston, Beauregard, Bragg similarly chased non-combatant reporters from the Confederate lines. Each side had tales of their betraying military secrets in print and there were occasional individual arrests and court martials in addition to the general evictions.

With all the bickering and the tumult, however, the Civil War so thoroughly established the civilian correspondent idea that the Associated Press and the major papers hopped to covering the Spanish-American War with no thought of resistance from the authorities.

Representatives of *New York World*, *New York Herald*, and *Chicago Record* (John T. McCutcheon, later famed cartoonist of the *Chicago Tribune*) rode through the Manila Bay action aboard Dewey's flagship. AP men and specials went aboard the warships to Cuba. Santiago Bay found an AP correspondent on the bridge of the U. S. S. *Brooklyn* with the fortunate Commodore Schley, another aboard the *New York* of luckless Admiral Sampson.

The correspondent corps was a variegated group, indeed. The numerous *New York World* men to the front included the eminent author Stephen Crane who low-rated the courage of New York's 71st Regiment and made Publisher Joseph Pulitzer of the paper very unhappy. There was also the uproarious Sylvester Scovel.

Scovel, who had been jailed by the Spaniards for his highly-colored filings on the Cuban revolution in '95, rounded the circle by landing in a United States Army brig in '98. That was in connection with the raising of the American flag over Santiago. Sylvester took a poke at General Shafter when ordered from the pal-

ace roof and a prominent place in the photographs.

Hearst sent such as James Creelman and Edward Marshall, who scribbled away at Las Guasimas with a Mauser bullet through his spine. There was also,



Old time correspondents at the nation's capitol rushing from the reporters' gallery to file their stories. They still do it that way

lest we forget, William Randolph Hearst at the Santiago sea fight in his *New York Journal's* dispatch boat and helping take off Spaniards from Cervera's flagship and another beached, burning cruiser.

Thomas M. Dieudade starred for the *New York Sun*, Richard Harding Davis and Stephen Bonsal for the *Herald*. The large journalistic difference between this one and the Civil War, however, was that the AP men turned in the top all-around performance.

Even Richard Harding Davis admitted that, in nominating Howard N. Thompson and E. R. Johnstone as AP's best. The difference between Davis, splashing about in the style of the Civil War specials, and the single-minded Associated men was graphically highlighted at Las Guasimas, first land engagement of the Cuban campaign.

As dismounted Rough Riders and regular cavalry outflanked infantry and orders to be first at the Spaniards, "Dick" Davis grabbed up a carbine from a fallen soldier and hopped in to boss lieutenants, bang away at the enemy, and order charges. Meanwhile, John P. Dunning of Associated worked the firing line with just one object—getting a correct list of the dead and wounded. It was the only one compiled that day.

If the Spanish-American War was notable for AP's coming of age in battle correspondence, the war in the Philippines was distinguished for the toughest U. S. war censorship of record to and including now. General E. S. Otis came down with iron regulations tossing the correspondents for a loss of all the

ground they had gained since the opening of the Civil War.

Every staff correspondent of a news agency or newspaper in 1899 Manila joined in a protest against Otis mailed to Hong Kong and cabled from there. This was a clash of reporters and commanding officer, however, and not of reporters and the Army and Navy.

General Lawton and others got along very well with the correspondents and the latter insisted, in fact, that their cable of protest and revelation was partly the result of "the pressure upon us to 'tell the truth' from army officers of high rank."

Robert M. Collins from the AP Manila staff and Frederick Palmer of the *New York World* were among the writers adding to their reputations in the 1900 taking of Tientsin and march to Peking. For Palmer, with experience in the '97 Greek war and in the Philippines, the Boxer rising was step three in an unparalleled U. S. correspondent career carrying through Macedonian, Russo-Jap, Turkish, Balkan, World I, and World II wars and insurrections.

Palmer and Richard Harding Davis were the principal elders of World War I correspondence. Some of the others—Bill Shepherd, Walter Whiffen—had brief training in the 1914 occupation of Vera Cruz or crossed the border with Pershing in 1916. Floyd Gibbons first saw action in Mexico. Webb Miller and Hal O'Flaherty first saw it there with Pershing.

Across the pond before the U. S. entry, four newsmen—Shepherd, Karl von Wiegand, William Philip Simms, and Henry Wood—wrote the then little known United Press into the front ranks of wire services in less than a year of conflict.

And despite the outstanding feats racked up at intervals by such as Gibbons, Frazier Hunt, Herbert Bayard Swope, and Will Irwin, World War I coverage was AP and U.P. for the long haul and the complete picture. These services had to have Fred Palmer's assistance, however. He was the only American correspondent accredited to the British army and fleet, 1914-16, and his stories were carried for a time by AP, U.P. and Hearst's International News Service, all three. In 1917 he took time out from correspondent neutrality after 20 years to become a major in the Signal Corps (later lieutenant colonel) and press censor of the A. E. F. The A. E. F. had 16 correspondents of U. S. press associations and newspapers when Palmer swung into action—but not that many combat soldiers.

The situation of reporters outnumbering fighting men didn't long continue but there were always more than enough journalists, considering the little freedom of action allowed these non-combatants. Chafing as much or more than anyone under the restrictions was U.P.

correspondent J. W. (not yet Westbrook) Pegler. He contrived, however, to use the A. E. F. for a spot of promotion when he went out with the Signal Corps on wig-wag and rocket signal practice. "Today's News Today" was the United Press slogan, and "The reporter here represents Today's News Today" was spelled out as one of the first messages sent by the United States Army from hill to hill in France.

Pegler, joining the Navy the next year, was but a sample of the odd assortment of correspondents mobbing over to the continent as Uncle Sam stepped into the war. The range of individual paper correspondents crossing to join such long-on-the-scene ones as Wythe Williams, Paul Scott Mowrer (now editor of the *Chicago Daily News*), and Edgar Ansel Mowrer was from Heywood Brown to Edwin L. James (now managing editor of the *New York Times*).

The *Stars and Stripes* staff members—parents of the combat reporters in some senses—were, of course, officers and enlisted men plucked right out of the regiments arriving in France.

There were no combat reporters writing for the reading public back home but many a large action story on the Argonne front actually was covered only by Army officers who had been newspapermen in civilian life. Their copy was made available to all correspondents accredited to

headquarters, these civilian reporters rewriting the Army account in their own words but relying on it for all of their facts.

No non-combatant U. S. newsmen went over the top with the troops. Not



"Hmmm—I don't remember getting dis vun—fat men's fifty-yard dash—"

one of them was on a warship in any of the few naval actions. Such first-hand battle coverage as they did get in on was almost wholly of the conducted tour variety.

It remained for World War II to reintroduce the spectacle of American

reporters buzzing about United States Army battle-fronts, Civil War style, and riding the warships into action, Spanish-American War fashion. And with the correspondents of the new Fifth Estate—the radio—right in there with the best of them.

The journalistic casualty lists curtly show the difference. No U. S. correspondents were killed in action in World War I. One died of influenza; half a dozen picked up slight wounds; two were gassed. None was captured or interned save for those in Germany and Austria-Hungary when war broke.

World War II's list to date is: 10 dead in action, 2 long missing, 21 wounded or injured in line of duty, 18 captured in battle, several score interned (of whom more than 40 have been exchanged).

Seven of the deaths, 13 of the woundings, and 15 of the captures have occurred since Pearl Harbor. So with the dropping from sight of AP's Witt Hancock and U.P.'s William McDougall, the two reporters who were last on Java and haven't been heard from since March 5.

Getting the news of mobile war and global war means landing with the Marines on the Solomons, running the gauntlet at Dieppe with the raiders, flying with the bombers to smash Rabaul, going into desert action in the tanks, riding the warships in engagements from

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the Mediterranean to the far Pacific.

It is AP's Larry Allen twice going overboard from sinking British destroyers, the second time to be captured by the Germans (he's still an Axis prisoner) and immediately to demand an interview with Rommel.

It is the New York Times' Byron Darnton, World War veteran who saw plenty of action in France as an infantry sergeant in the 32nd (Red Arrow) Division, who met accidental death in New Guinea on October 18 after his reports of fighting in the South Pacific had stirred the nation. Darnton's last Legion assignment for the Times was at the Milwaukee National Convention in 1941.

It is Don Bell of NBC broadcasting in the midst of the bombing of Manila,

and dying on the bayonets of Jap torturers. It is Clark Lee of AP, sharing the Army fox holes on Bataan and packing so much into super-condensed wireless dispatches that the *Infantry Journal* praised them for carrying the details of fighting and not merely the highlights.

It's Harold Guard of U.P. sliding into roadside ditches at the Malayan front, riding an American bomber blasting a Japanese base in New Britain. It's Jack Singer of I.N.S. on a torpedo plane sinking a Jap aircraft carrier, Jack Singer who a week later went down with the *Wasp* in the Southwest Pacific battle zone.

It is Cecil Brown of CBS swimming from the torpedoed *Repulse*, Joe James Custer of U.P. wounded in the assault on

Guadalcanal, Harold Denny of the New York Times caught by the Germans in the Libyan tank war, Keith Wheeler of the Chicago Times flying with the bombers to drive the Japs from the Aleutians. It is scores of other such non-combatants risking lives for the story.

It is also the fighting correspondents of *Yank* going out with the combat units to report for the toughest of all critical reading publics—the men in service.

It is, as we started out by saying, the Marine Corps combat reporters fighting and then writing for the whole home public.

All these types of U. S. war reporter have looked very good in there in the best-covered phase of the best-covered war on record.

TAKE IT EASY, TIO SAM

(Continued from page 17)

jumped up, too. But Rockefeller politely waved him aside and spoke for 10 minutes in good Spanish. He had spent three months at the Berlitz School in New York, perfecting himself in the language for this occasion.

"It made a tremendous hit with the Venezuelans because it was so genuine, and a real compliment to them. Soon after Rockefeller returned to the United States, Standard Oil offered all its South American executives Spanish instruction at company expense. Teachers have been flying down in relays ever since, for the American oil men have discovered that their new willingness to speak the language makes all the difference in relations with Venezuelan officials and business men."

The electrical manufacturers, with a normal business of millions in South America, have learned the lesson of providing what the customer wants, in competition with German and British firms. In one outstanding instance, the credit goes to a Canadian engineer. In the big Serra power development near Sao Paulo it was decided that the only way to provide sufficient volume of water for a hydroelectric plant would be to divert three streams into a canal, then make the water run uphill for three miles, carry it over a divide and thence down to the power plant.

The Brazilians needed the power and saw no reason for building the plant elsewhere just because there were a few mountains in the way. Their neighbors from the north, they were convinced, could solve the problem. Instead of trying to talk the Brazilians out of this scheme, the Canadian engineer in charge calmly said it could be done, by using a series of hydraulic pumps and sluices, to be operated by giant motors made in the U.S.A. After considerable pondering, the Yankee manufacturers worked out the equipment according to his

specifications.

Now ready for complete operation, the Serra development which makes rivers run uphill stands as an engineering triumph comparable to Boulder Dam or the Grand Coulee. In Chile, two mountain streams were combined to supply water for another power project. These are gigantic undertakings, as is the Sorocabana railway electrification job in Brazil, in which the two largest American manufacturers in this field pooled their interests, under the benevolent eye of our State Department. They are a foretaste of what await American enterprisers when the war is over—if by that time we have learned to be *simpatico*, by going to the Latin-Americans to find out what they want and how they want it, rather than trying to unload goods on them which we want to manufacture.

Another good example of intelligent Yankee management of trade with South America is that of the Collins Company, a Connecticut concern which has practically cornered the market for the machete, that big curved knife which the agricultural worker carries for a hundred and one tasks. Instead of shipping ordinary axes to South America, this firm studied the machete—there are scores of different designs—and shipped the kinds the market wanted. Elementary, yes, but by no means a usual procedure in past years by Americans with goods to sell.

Fair business must work profitably both ways. Let's look at the job Central and South Americans have done in marketing the commodity which is in normal years the greatest single item of import into the United States—coffee. Roberto Aguilar, distinguished economist of El Salvador, recently told a Washington business group that "coffee forms the economic basis on which hemispheric trade is founded. Without coffee, it would not exist."

The businesslike way in which the 14 coffee-growing countries have handled Uncle Sam in popularizing coffee has won admiration not only from our diplomats but from our commercial interests, who refer to it as the outstanding marketing program of recent years. Coffee consumption in the United States rose from 13 pounds per capita in 1936 to 16 pounds in 1941.

But the war is interfering, raising new problems which some of our own shipping officials seem slow to grasp. Several of our neighboring countries depend on coffee for 95 percent of their total trade—it is economic life or death to them. When submarine activity caused serious interruption of coffee shipments, these countries proved their good neighborly spirit by accepting the blow without protest. They lined up on our side in the war and they are loyal to us, even when it hurts. Would we, under similar conditions, be as patient?

When the alert business men of the coffee countries observed, however, that some ships actually were being ordered out of their ports only partially loaded, because a minor official in the United States had arbitrarily refused import licenses for coffee, they had to call on all the restraint and good manners which have been inbred in them, to keep from telling the world that Tio Sam's good neighborliness is a matter chiefly of words. Now they don't really think that, but among themselves they are saying that the shipping situation has been mishandled.

Had we taken our good neighbors into our confidence and sincerely tried to learn their wishes and needs and point of view, instead of merely offering to lend them cash and let them hold the coffee bag, they could have been of real help in solving the problem—and in providing more than a one-cup-a-day coffee ration for Americans, without sacrificing one cubic foot of shipping

space needed for other war materials. Here's once we have lacked understanding, have failed to be *simpatico*. Steps are now being taken to seek the advice of the coffee countries. Fortunately, it is not too late.

Under chairmanship of Eurico Pentead, representative of Brazil, the Pan-American Coffee Bureau, an official body made up of delegates from the principal coffee countries, is now engaged in an educational campaign in this country, to acquaint Americans with the facts of life of the coffee bean, which are ABC to every schoolboy in their own countries, but which even high-placed officials in our own never heard of. The OPA and the OWI wisely conferred with Bureau representatives in acquainting the public with rationing regulations, particularly in regard to the use of adulterants. Our Pure Food and Drug Act requires that coffee with which chick peas, barley, chickory or other adulterants have been mixed must be plainly marked. Latin-Americans have been more than pleased with the decision that a coffee ration coupon can be exchanged for only the same quantity, whether it is pure coffee or an adulterated mixture.

This is big news in Central and South American papers. It shows Tio Sam in the role of an understanding friend. The regulation is likely to discourage use of

fillers and adulterants, which according to Senhor Pentead add nothing to the value of the coffee, but may actually destroy its flavor and aroma.

While the preparation of your morning "cup of courage" is a detail, if an important one, of your day, it has a real influence on good neighborly relations with the 14 coffee countries. It is not unthinkable that the new appreciation which the coffee shortage has brought about here of the economic problems involved in the coffee trade may prove as valuable a part of the Good Neighbor policy as a shipload of culture which we might export to South America for the purpose of uplifting the natives.

There are many things which South America needs from us besides goods and money and a few which she doesn't need. She needs some good publishing houses, say, in Rio, Bogota or Buenos Aires, to publish American books in English. Newspaper comics and Hollywood movies are scarcely ideal media through which we can be seen as we really are. Books are expensive. They could be produced much more cheaply in South America.

In the arts, Latin-Americans are doing all right as they are. We draw on them for talent such as Bidu Sayou, the Metropolitan Opera singer, Carmen Miranda and a host of others. We admire

their paintings and sculptures. It is North America which needs help in developing its artistic culture.

We receive grateful credit for our work in public health among neighbor countries. But let's not forget it was Dr. Carlos Finlay, a Cuban, who first advanced the theory that yellow fever was carried by mosquitoes, opening the way for the work of Dr. Walter Reed and Major General Gorgas. And we should be acquainted with the record of Dr. Oswaldo Cruz, 29-year-old Rio physician, who rid his city of yellow fever in three years, and of Dr. Emilio Ribas of Sao Paulo with a similar fine accomplishment.

Smallpox deaths have been cut from 17,900 in 1930 in South America to 1350 in 1941. Bubonic plague, which afflicted 65 ports, is now nearly cleaned out, only two ports reporting human cases. In 1942 Latin-American countries spent \$100,000,000 on public health, as against \$40,000,000 in 1930. Nor does this include appropriations by individual states and municipalities.

A few South American health superlatives may serve to revise our opinion of our neighbors' backwardness: First hospital in the Americas, established in Santo Domingo in 1503; oldest hospital still functioning, San Jesus Nazareno, founded in Mexico, 1521; lowest death rate in the hemisphere in 1941, probably

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Get rid of the pest—
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lowest in the world in 1942, in Uruguay; only School of Tropical Medicine in the hemisphere, Puerto Rico; world's leading Institute of Snake Poisons, Brazil; first country to make diphtheria inoculation compulsory, Dominican Republic.

HOW, then, are we going to make ourselves *simpatico* with our Latin-American neighbors? I asked a Central American diplomat. His surprising answer was: "Take it easy. After all, Latin-Americans have not a little admiration and affection for Tio Sam. Don't try to oversell us."

JAPAN'S FATAL WEAKNESS

(Continued from page 14)

about, but force of circumstances. Personally, having seen the Japanese individually and collectively for 13 years under many conditions, I have come to scout the idea that they place more value than other races on "saving face." More practical, more urgent reasons, govern now. Japan has staked everything, committed treacheries and cruelties that can never be forgotten or forgiven, shown herself abysmally unworthy of any membership in the family of nations, and knows there will be no quarter. She must win all or lose all—rule half the world or retire to a position somewhat equivalent to that of Abyssinia.

Japan loosed, in one great freshet, all the power possessed by a country that has very little fundamental industrial origin. Like great waters rushing through a broken dam, Japan's power must subside as all floods ebb, leaving a task of reclamation and rehabilitation of an island which will become a slaughterhouse arsenal of anarchy and rebellion from the day the emperor's palace is bombed.

Japan could have flung thousands of airplanes at a half-prepared United States and a harassed Britain and could have done a lot of damage. But she cannot build sufficient planes to replace the planes, submarines and carriers lost in combat. The United States can send thousands of planes roaring over the enemy's head, and at targets of destruction, until the island of Japan is a mass of flame and ruins.

The explanation for Japan's weaknesses, which are greater than her points of strength, I have found in a detailed study of the dent in her giant armada—engineering, plant capacity and raw materials.

The United States is producing, I believe, the finest planes in the world, deadlier than any possessed or planned by our enemies. Production in units and finished planes is greater than the combined output of the Axis nations. In

And then he gave me some practical pointers:

Write business letters addressed to Latin-Americans in Spanish or Portuguese. A little courtesy which is appreciated.

Make complete invoices of goods in triplicate. It's an old South American custom and following it makes a hit.

Express figures, when possible, in the metric system. Easy to do with a table from a sixth-grade arithmetic. Latins think in terms of kilos, meters, etc., not in inches and pounds.

Don't give a false impression of rudeness by seeming to be in a hurry when

you meet Central and South American business men. Remember that the slicker is always in a hurry, the honest man who is enjoying himself likes to linger awhile.

Don't ever be deceived by the good manners of a Latin American into thinking he doesn't know the score.

Don't betray gross ignorance of half your own hemisphere by neglecting your geography book. If you have any dealings with a man from south of the Rio Grande, pay him the compliment of looking up the basic facts about his country before you discuss it with him.

patterns, dies, lathes, machine and precision tools, oils, metallurgy and alloys, American quality is superior. Military secrets prohibit publication of what has been created by American engineering ingenuity and resources. It is no secret, however, that new American steels and plastics are the best in the world. One alloy has a tensile strength of 200,000 pounds a square inch. It is almost entirely non-corrosive and a good 40 percent lighter than its aluminum grandparent.

New heat-treated American aluminum alloy has a tensile strength of 68,000 pounds a square inch. We are moving into the giant transport class with 140,000-pound flying boats. Research, backed by unlimited financial resources, bright minds and fine laboratories will perfect better materials than Axis plotters could dream after their best caviar-and-champagne celebrations. The Japs would lift eyebrows, they would suck their breath, (as they do when they are flabbergasted); they would bow till their eyes met the ground (in awe they do so), if they had an inkling of American advancement in aviation.

I write this with deep admiration, acquired through observation, of American air-power as I have seen it built and in operation on a War Department sponsored coast-to-coast tour of United States Army Air fields. From Grenier Field in New Hampshire, I have raced through the Southeast air command, the Middle West, across the plains of Texas (where we have more air fields than in all Japan), to the Pacific Northwest.

I make certain concessions to the Japanese. Geographical location, long preparations, conceit, confiscatory government powers to force manufacturers and unskilled labor to work without profit; hundreds of small war factories and large ones, may favor Japan. I'll revise my estimate of Japan's planes in both services as of December 7, 1941, to around 8,000. I grant them certain stock pile reserves, coke and limestone, cheap ship plate, unlimited soft coal

deposits, the world's third largest electric power generating capacity, bauxite for aluminum and good copper mines.

My ledger of international accounts, however, lists Japan's many weaknesses in the industrial veins leading to the heart of Hirohito's empire.

The collapse of Malaya, the Dutch East Indies, Bataan and Corregidor were grievous blows to us. Nevertheless, Japan cannot remain satisfied. She must attack repeatedly in the direction of Alaska, Australia, Siberia or India. Should Japan acquire one of the four, she would perforce continue to assault everywhere. I am certain she will bog in each undertaking. At home, Japan cannot continue to show gains. Her production effort some months ago passed its peak. Japan is fighting just as desperately as the United States. Since Pearl Harbor, her forces are using everything they possess and fighting everywhere, but the tempo of American production in shipbuilding, materials, manpower training, airplanes and equipment has not reached anywhere near maximum capacity.

Japan's militarists are cocksure in the belief that they never make a mistake. They cannot see that resources will become exhausted, and that new markets will not open. Efforts to consolidate occupied areas will be no more successful than similar attempts in China in the last five years, and I doubt she can exploit properly her rubber, tin and tungsten seizures. Quite definitely she will not obtain required quantities of East Indies oil.

Japan's industrial position is untenable. She is isolated from her Axis partners and internally afflicted by politico-military squabbles. I am informed by neutrals who have arrived in this country that these quarrels are far more violent than the outside world conceives. The Japs were buoyed by numerous initial successes, based on sneak attacks. Coral Sea, Macassar, Midway, Aleutian and Solomons losses are not known to Mr. Moto. Tokyo's leaders

continue to assure the people that we cannot fight; that we would prefer to make concessions, call a halt, and compromise the war. Japan is working desperately to produce planes and material, but certain of her industrialists whose plants were built with foreign goods and equipped with imported dies, patterns and presses, realize that if they cannot win quickly they are doomed.

Alone, Japan cannot master air or sea communications lines. She must keep her main island protected from an air invasion. Submarine attacks on shipping lines means a huge defense force of a minimum of half a million, and a large navy personnel to protect and operate all shipyards. Outlying bases, many already overextended, must be fed, equipped and garrisoned—a constant drain on supplies and men. She is thrown on her resources, for she no longer imports from abroad. Japan's industries are not bright and modern. Many are obsolete. Cash expenditures for war are small in contrast with the United States. Chinese resistance hampers Japan by wearing her down and subjects her to economic deterioration in the occupied areas.

I believe that wholesale attacks on Japan, such as the RAF loosed on Hamburg, Dusseldorf, Essen and Cologne, would augur the defeat of Japan.

Japan's mental gymnastics, especially among her militarists who believe themselves invincible and invulnerable, leap from a premise to a conclusion without allowance for possible interference. Thus came the upset in Japanese calculations, the utter panic, when American Army bombers approached and attacked Japan as the Tokyo radio was boasting of the absence of fear and claiming that no foreign plane would ever reach Japan. Knowing Japan's many ideally concentrated targets for bombing, we have set the pattern. We must dislocate and destroy factory installations and air plants which have provided her with great power.

Japan has passed the peak of her ten-year military campaign. She has reached the lowest point on a military graph, in the loss of some 315 ships and nearly one thousand planes. In peace time, or while fighting China, Japan could import or manufacture replacements. Not now, however. Japan's strength was predicated on the importation of six to eight essential raw materials and a world market in tools, steels and oils with which to construct fine ships and planes.

I have acquired important new information on Japan's industries. The Japanese reasoned they had fooled the foreigners with whom they did business. When you sell a bill of goods, you can surmise the purposes of the equipment, and in certain categories of supplies one can gauge the productive capacity and what the Japs would build.



Now here's a chance for you hunters and target shooting fans, to *cash in* on your knowledge of guns! Marlin—always on the lookout for new ideas to improve sporting firearms—wants to hear from you. Sportsmen and gun dealers are cordially invited to join Marlin's big Gun Contest—with \$1,000 in cash prizes to shoot at. And remember, many a good idea is simple and easy to describe. Your chance is as good as the next fellow's to win a prize. It's easy to get in the contest—read the details below and send your entry in today! Contest ends July 1, 1943.

Jot down your ideas for improving any current model Marlin Gun. Follow the simple contest rules and send your entry in. If you wish, you may suggest new features, not at present in the line. A free catalog is yours for the asking, to review the features of Marlin Guns.

PRIZES IN THE BIG MARLIN CONTEST

The first prize is \$500.00 in cash; second prize \$100; third prize \$50.00; fourteen additional prizes of \$25.00 cash each. Seventeen prizes in all! (Marlin suggests the purchase of U. S. Savings Bonds with the prize money.)

JUDGING

Three famous gun editors—Bob Nich-

ols of Field & Stream, Jack O'Connor of Outdoor Life, Maj. Chas. Askins of Sports Afield—will select the winning entries. All ideas for which prizes are given become the property of The Marlin Firearms Company and none will be returned. Prizes awarded for the seventeen ideas which are most valuable and practical, in the opinion of the judges. Duplicate prizes awarded in the event of a tie. WINNERS will be determined and prizes announced as soon as possible.

CONTEST RULES

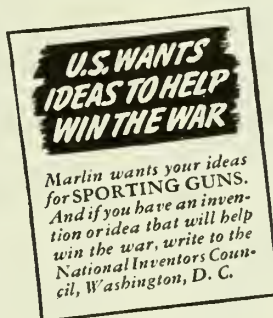
The Marlin Gun Contest is open to all sportsmen and dealers in guns, with the exception of Marlin employees. Written suggestions must not exceed

300 words, the shorter the better. No limit to number of entries which may be submitted. Write name and address clearly on each suggestion. Mail entries to Dept. M The Marlin Firearms Co., 17 East 42nd Street, New York City.

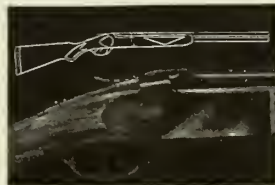
Entries must be received on or before July 1, 1943.

Win cash with your ideas! Enter the Marlin Contest today.

Marlin has been known since 1870 for progress in gun design, quality and dependability. Below are some famous Marlin features:



All Marlin rifles—lever action, clip and tubular magazine and .22 automatic, feature deep-cut, accurate, "Ballard" rifling.



Marlin's Over & Under Shotgun, in 12, 16 and 20 gauges and .410 bore, is hammerless, cocks on opening, has sturdy one-piece frame.



Marlin lever action rifles, in calibers .22, .30, .30 and .32 spec., have the solid-top, case-hardened receiver, with safe side ejection.

A world war eliminated Japan's sources of 1942-43 airplane designs and machine tool patterns. Tokyo, my residence for thirteen years, is the center of Japan's precision instrument and tool industry. Japanese factory superintendents were dissatisfied with their own productions and imitations. An industry which relies on copying foreign models rapidly approaches the point of obsolescence unless imports are uninterrupted. This is a real brake on manufacturing. The Japs leaned too heavily on inspiration from foreign catalogs, and, since quality has never been a consideration in Japanese manufacturing in peace-time cut-throat competition in the export market, it stands that no flexibility in a changeover was allowed for the day when they would be pressed for first class domestic equipment in the air or afloat. The Japanese margins in quality, precision and output are too close to provide for safety or success in a long pull war emergency. Japan cannot overcome these pronounced major industrial bottlenecks. Priority regulations will not clear the stagnated iron and steel industry. Poor compounds will not produce good rubber for tires and planes.

Continued jailing of engineers and manufacturers for inferior work and operating in black markets will not build airplanes and ships to replace the half dozen aircraft carriers and their cargoes now at the bottom of the Pacific.

My summary of Japan shows many major defects. But do not presume that Japan is weak, or underestimate Japan's striking power. This presentation is based on the observations of some of the keenest foreign judges of Japan, men who are top flight engineers. Their conclusion is that Japan's failure will come from industrial disintegration and American air attacks on concentrated and exposed industries, and weakened shipping and transportation lines.

Japan's refineries are restricted. One of the best, an American built plant, was destroyed in the Doolittle raid. It cannot be replaced. Oil is Japan's headache. Diesel fuel for the world's largest fleet of small vessels, lubricating, machine tool, instrument oil, and high grade aviation gasoline, are not made in Japan in quantity. An insufficiency of oil well-drilling machinery and the lack of experienced engineers are apparent. Some 700 industrial and engineering experts headed for Java and Malaya were lost in a submarine attack on the *Taiyo Maru* off Hong Kong—a serious blow to technical forces.

Synthetic fuel production commenced eight years ago. The output was unsatisfactory. New machinery from Germany did not arrive in time to fulfill the blueprint program. The Japs had arranged to exchange six million tons of soya bean-cake for German ersatz engineering. The Japs had the bills of lading

but delivery was not fulfilled—the Russo-German war halted the shipments via the Trans-Siberian, and the Suez remained closed.

Western Japan is the Youngstown-Pittsburgh area. The cities are Fukuoka, Kokuro, Moji, Nagasaki and Shimono-seki. Steel productivity there is another industrial enigma. Peace time capacity production of iron and steel took a poor sixth place in the world, although paper plans would bring Japan to third place. The wishful accomplishment was based on uninterrupted imports of heavy

foundries used about 60 percent of quality American scrap, mixed with inferior domestic iron ore. With that percentage they produced a pretty good steel. If steel, as Winston Churchill observed, is the criterion of a nation's strength, the measuring stick would show Japan is crippled seriously.

Japan has coal. The problem is mine labor. Women and children have worked in the mines since 1938. Forced Korean labor, about 80,000 men, has been imported into the Kysuhu mines of Western Japan. Transport is done in small



"I explained that a mistake had been made, but he won't give it up. Says he always wanted a zoot suit."

American and German foundry equipment, and fine iron ore from the Philippines. Japan had the coking coal and limestone for making pig iron, but lacked deposits of high grade ores with which to produce fine steel. Their ore sulphur content is too high for good steel.

Japanese battleships, submarines and aircraft carriers were constructed with imported high grade steel ship plates. Engines, navigating instruments and ball bearings were of foreign make. Cheap cargo vessels for the intercoastal trade and nearby China sea routes were built of low-grade domestic plate. For pre-war operations a secondary plate was acceptable, but war measures eliminate this category and the Army and Navy require the finest that steel plants can process.

My sources do not believe Japan has substantial stock piles of high grade American scrap, notwithstanding the boatloads she bought here and in Australia. Japan denuded Australian scrap yards. Some of the metal has been coming down on Port Moresby and other Australian cities in recent weeks. Japan's

coastal boats. Operating from certain well developed and exposed ports, the coaling steamers could be bombed out of commission. Most loading is by hand and baskets. Railway cars, of the British type, are scarce. Rolling stock on Japanese railroads has depreciated through inferior ball bearings in journal boxes, my *Gripsholm* diplomatic sources advise.

The requisitioning of gondolas and cars for Manchuria and China has played havoc with Japan's once excellently operated railways.

Japan's elaborate industries in Manchuria, with few exceptions, are hitched to steam-generating plants. In Japan proper I know of a network of transmission lines and hydro-electric power plants built when her engineers, with American aid, placed the Empire third in the world in kilowatt hour power production. Eastern Japan, however, operates on one cycle and Western Japan—Kobe, Osaka and Kyoto—on another.

Bombing of the generating plants in the Tokyo-Yokohama area, which feed the bulk of power to chemical, tool,

rubber, auto and arsenal factories, would paralyze those industries. Alternate power lines are believed unavailable for bringing in electricity from the Western power stations. Railroads would be restricted. Many of Japan's locomotives are electrically operated. An acute shortage of coal-burning engines was created by the Army's demand for them in China operations.

Bauxite is available in Korea, but quality is irregular. Formosa, Korea and Manchukuo have plants, those of the Nippon Aluminum Company, which produce an estimated 45,000 metric tons a year. Their methods and compounds originated in Pittsburgh. Domestic capacity is available for production of 3000 to 4000 planes a year, granting that the aluminum is restricted to air-plane purposes. The best aluminum plant was built by an American. Blueprints for expansion were shelved by World War II. Hence, Japan cannot obtain more aluminum than the capacity of existing plants.

Magnesium production is of limited tonnage, but high in quality. The Japanese succeeded in manufacturing excellent magnesium piston rings. Against that credit is the debit of poor spark plugs. Japan relies on German spark plugs. Planes are tested with Japanese plugs as a matter of subsidy and contract requirement but in war operations

their ground crews make certain that German plugs are substituted.

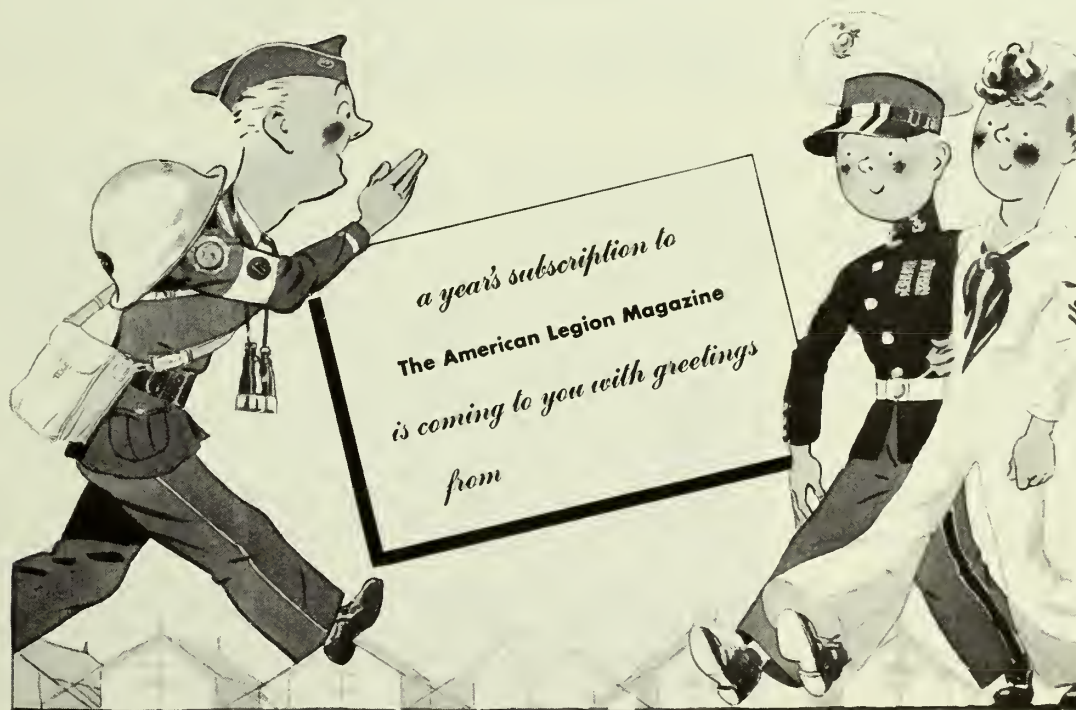
Japan's war machine needs copper. Japan had several large copper mines which grew with the fantastic development of her electrical industry through American and German encouragement and competition. Japan should produce about 100,000 tons of copper a year but this would not meet war manufacturing schedules. Local deposits, I understand, have been worked almost to the bottom. Import copper reserves never stood at any worth-while figure, and now Japan has no import source.

Summarizing metals, Japan is totally deficient in mica, tungsten, tin, high grade iron ore and good bauxite. Japan is not self sufficient in copper, bauxite, zinc or lead. I do not subscribe to the fear that her armies will acquire these materials in conquered countries. Japan does not possess the processing facilities for major war requirements in overseas areas.

Japan's industrialists long engaged in high pressure selling and confiscation of capital from banks and insurance companies to launch a totalitarian war effort, under the demands by the army and navy for more than the people could turn out. During peace years, Japan's shipping, radio, textile, rayon, locomotive, dyestuff, chemical, storage battery, electrical, air compressor, dia-

mond drill, aviation and numerous light industries, registered admirable developments. Reckless overexpansion was identified with the boom which followed abandonment of the gold standard in 1931. But the feverish switch from peace time assembly lines to streamlined mechanized war schedules started hysteria in industrial circles in 1938-39. The government edict established special planning boards to seek order. Chaos continued. Private enterprise was eliminated. The bottlenecks remained. American freezing and licensing action halted necessary Japanese imports of new machine tools. Hence the obsolescence today in Japanese light industries.

A common deficiency in Japanese production is the failure to maintain adequately compounds and high standards in alloys, castings and forgings. Many of their products will not approach American military inspection standards, aggravated by a shortage of high grade tool oil, hampered by unskilled labor and fraught with widespread graft among foremen. Changeovers to new models, or to systems required by recent discoveries and patents, are today impossible. That dilemma exists in the auto and aviation industry. Truck chassis have been noted for their weak construction. Parts departments have not maintained inventories to meet army demands. This is



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especially true in aircraft industries. Total truck building is around 15,000 units a year at best.

For considerable time to come with distance and geography in their favor, the Japanese, notwithstanding their many weak points, may possess numerical superiority in ships, planes, tanks and almost unlimited military manpower of perhaps 10,000,000 men. However, for a long-term pull, and with United States bombers blasting deep at the heart of Japan, I contend our Pacific enemy cannot survive. I expect our planes and ships to slash through

Japanese mandated islands and supply lines. American planes will move down the Yangtze valley from Hankow, Nanchang and Nanking, on their important mission of bombing that Gibraltar of the Pacific—Formosa, and the cities of Western Japan.

Japan's air production is diminishing. The great Mitsubishi plant which produced pursuit and bombardment planes, propellers and accessories, was destroyed at Nagoya by the Doolittle expedition. New aircraft carriers to replace Coral and Midway battles will not be launched on any nearby week-end. Ship plate is

scarce. Ball bearing steel is unobtainable. Oil is precious.

Japan's air and industrial backbone is inadequate to defeat the American giants of industries. Japan should know that with each turn around the clock, as the war in the Pacific continues, her air, sea and shipping power will neither cover her gains nor hold them.

American production—and I can compare it with what I know Japan possesses—will in the end defeat Japan. Japan's bottlenecked and starved domestic industries will break under the colossal demands of her army and navy.

ALL-OUT FOR VICTORY

(Continued from page 29)

\$9,212.64 each to the Army Emergency Relief, Navy Relief and United Services Organization.

Mortgage Burners

EMIL EWALT POST of Manning, Iowa—an outfit with 110 members in a town of 1,800—has bought playground equipment for the City Park, sponsored a Boy Scout Troop and Junior Baseball Team, holds an annual three-day homecoming, staged a drive for sale of War Bonds, gathered scrap metal, and put on a Christmas party for more than 1,000 children.

While it was doing all that for the community, the Post was whittling away at an old mortgage on its club house, obtained in 1938 when an old warehouse was purchased. At that time the old building was wrecked by volunteer labor, and with but \$800 in the treasury, the Post started building the new home, a fine brick structure which cost \$15,000 to complete. Now it is all paid for, and the Post threw a party to burn the mortgage.

Another burning bee reported to the Stepkeeper was one held by Brooks-Doll Post of Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, which, along late in November, celebrated the event by staging a party at its clubhouse. "Now," says Adjutant Willis H. Geissinger, "our Post can turn all of its activities toward the war effort."

Brooks-Doll Post has sponsored a Junior All-Legion band which holds first place in Pennsylvania and took down the top prize at the Milwaukee National Convention.

One For the Book

MQ. SHARPE, Governor of South Dakota, and A. C. Miller, Lieutenant Governor, seem to run along on parallel lines. Both are attorneys, reports Legionnaires H. O. Schoessler and Walter J. Binn of Johnson-Huntsman Post, Kennebec, South Dakota. Both are graduates

of the University of South Dakota law school. Both settled in Lyman County after graduation and practiced law in the same county and town. Both are members of Johnson-Huntsman Post, The American Legion. Both have had long service in public life, and when elected Governor and Lieutenant Governor, respectively, at the same election, Governor Sharpe received 109,786 votes and Lieutenant Governor Miller 109,785.

Armistice Observance

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY FRANK KNOX was the guest of honor and principal speaker at the annual Armistice Day banquet held by Burt Foster Post at McKeesport, Pennsylvania. More than 1,200 persons, including Department Commander Daniel

C. Hartbauer of Pittsburgh, attended the Post's dinner.

Secretary Knox was met on his arrival by a delegation headed by Post Commander Ben I. Brown and was taken on a tour of the major war plants in that industrial city. At the evening banquet the Secretary was presented by Past Commander Ralph H. Whitehead, master of ceremonies. Colonel Knox urged "more effort on the home front to save years of bleeding and anguish to bring nearer the day when we can address ourselves to problems of peace."

Champion Chaplain

NOW don't all speak at once, but if any Chaplain in this big Legion can beat the record of Victor F. Pettrich of Los Angeles, California, this depart-



The observation tower maintained by Morgan-Ranck Post of Ocean City, New Jersey—an important link in the defense system of the First Fighter Command—is perched atop the Municipal Pier. This Post has been on a full-time basis for more than a year

ment would like to hear from him. He held the job of Chaplain in four separate Legion organizations at one and the same time. So five or better, to beat.

Chaplain Pettric held simultaneously the offices of Chaplain in Westwood-Bruin Post, the Los Angeles County Council, Twenty-Fourth Legion District organization, and the Fourth Area organization, Department of California.

Building A Post

"WHEN Charles Craven Post of Mabelvale, Arkansas, was organized we met just anywhere we could, usually on store porches," writes W. A. Lay, First Vice Commander. "But when Charles G. Holland, Post Commander, was first elected in 1939 his first idea was to build a hut. When he laid his plans before the members they sank low in their seats—the treasury contained exactly \$84.

"But things started working and the Post membership crawled up to a number equal to that of the population of the village. The Commander urged early payment of dues and with the money some of the building materials were bought. Then we needed a well, and that called for more members. The building was completed and the well sunk before the next call came—that was for furniture and it required a 200 percent membership to swing it. Now the membership is twice the population of the village, Charles Craven Post has a hut, valued at \$4,000, nicely furnished and all paid for. But just \$84 remains in the treasury.

"The Auxiliary Unit helped in the achievement, not only in getting the building but in furnishing its club room and kitchen."

Victory Corps

"INSTRUCTING high school boys in military drill has been a program of La Grange (Illinois) Post for two years," reports Commander Henry M. Larsen. "Last year a class in basic military training was organized by Comrade Harry Warner of the Chicago Ordnance Department, enrolling fifty high school boys beginning with sophomores and including junior college lads. Of this group, twenty-seven received certificates upon full completion of the course.

"The course includes actual drill, study of the IDR, map reading, charts, organization of the Army, and first aid. Visual instruction included movies of training and educational subjects. This season the class has an enrolment of seventy-five and some of the more capable boys of last year's class are serving as drill instructors. Legionnaires lend assistance in specialized subjects. Assisting Major Warner is Comrade Ollie Stenger, former football coach at the high school."

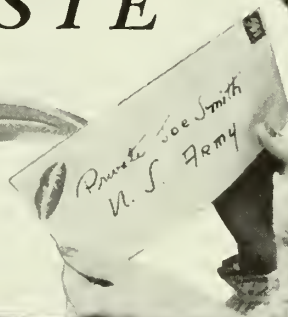
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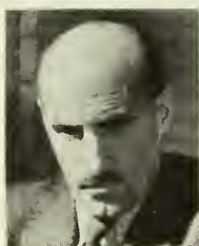
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How to get into Aviation—Now

by C. S. (Casey) Jones

NO. 3 in a series of advertisements describing the free training and opportunities now available in aviation. Addressed to the thousands of men and women who wish to prepare themselves for war service in this key industry.



C. S. JONES

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Companies building airplanes—such as Consolidated in San Diego, Curtiss-Wright in Buffalo, United Aircraft in East Hartford—are accepting applications from their respective localities for training courses of which the following are typical:

Pre-Factory Training: You become an em-

ployee of the plant and enter a selected vocational school for training in such skills as
Electrical Sub-assembly...Power Sewing...Machine Shop Work...Tube Bending...Riveting...Sheet Metal Work.

Up-Grading: Extra training which you receive as an employee, to fit you for a better job. Part of this training is on your own time. Courses include

Blueprint Reading...Aircraft Engine Mechanics...Drafting...Radio Repair and Maintenance. Supervisory training is also given, on plant time, in foremanship and inspection.

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President

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Training the Key Men of Tomorrow in Aviation

THE NAVY'S BATTLING BUILDERS

(Continued from page 19)

experience were, and are, being sought, and once enlisted, they are put through a three weeks' indoctrination course in military manners, methods, and maneuvers; in small arms training and tactics; in the theory and practice of construction methods and the standard makes of equipment that are being used. This is followed by five weeks of intensive and practical "build-'em-up-and-tear-'em-down" activities designed to familiarize every member of a Seabee battalion with all phases of work which his unit will encounter. While each man specializes in his own trade or technique, he also learns to be a helper in many another vocation. Thus, the concrete men may assist the carpenters in the building of forms, but when it is time to mix and pour cement for a gun emplacement, the foundations of a wharf or a warehouse, it then becomes a case of turnabout, and the carpenters are the helpers. In the Seabees, there's never a dull moment for anybody, coöperation is the watchword, and teamwork is a fetish.

Let's drop in on Camp Allen, at Norfolk, Virginia, one of the three Seabee training camps, and see what life is like in this newest of Uncle Sam's fighting services, a service destined, according to a Navy Civil Engineer Corps officer on duty in an area where several Seabee battalions are in action, "... to be one of the most important developments of the war to date."

See that company of "boots" going down the street over there? They don't do too good a job of marching as yet, but they've been here only a couple of days. The youthful figures are straight enough and step out with a natural vigor, but the older men haven't quite caught their second wind. They soon will, though, for drill and calisthenics, and physical work-outs of varying natures occupy much of the time between 6:30 reveille and 9:30 taps, and it's all under the careful supervision of the medicos, who warn the gray hairs and the bald heads to go easy and light on the physical side of the training until they more nearly resemble the toughened lads they were in earlier years.

It's a rough game and a hard one those first few days, and many an old-timer discovers muscles he had entirely forgotten, and a weariness he didn't anticipate, and perhaps he'll secretly admit to himself he isn't quite the husky chap he thought he was.

In that huge, warehouse-type building just down the company street, we'll find the class and lecture rooms, and the practical laboratories, where the men will take machinery apart and put it together again. There are Diesels, generators, dynamos, and boilers of all

kinds, and they're not just on display. They're there to be run, to be torn down, repaired, and re-assembled. The welding shop, which was built by some of the earliest battalions in camp, is equipped with the latest devices, and the neatest jobs you'd ever want to see are turned out by the best of the Seabees, while others watch and learn.

Another room is devoted to the study of pontoons and their uses. Those welded steel boxes, measuring five feet on a side, can be utilized in various ways. They may be linked together in rows of eight to twelve to form barges, and then, when three or four such rows—depending on the size of barge desired—are fastened to each other, there is sufficient buoyancy to float ashore from a transport ship tons upon tons of materials needed in the Seabee business at hand. The pontoons may also be assembled in other shapes to form floating drydocks or piers. But here in this school room, with models about one-twelfth actual size, the crews learn the versatility of the pontoons. Later, at Camp Bradford, they will work with the real thing.

During the three weeks at Camp Allen, when a Seabee is still a "boot," he learns the manual of arms, rifle marksmanship, extended order drill, the techniques of the .45 pistol, the Thompson sub-machine gun, and hand grenades. He studies the principles of layout of bases, of air-raid protection and combat signals. He learns to wear his Navy uniform properly, and generally to conduct himself as a Navy man should. He fills out lengthy questionnaires which disclose, even in more detail than have similar and previous papers, what he has studied and accomplished in his own technical line, what experience he may have had in charge of men.

He will be under the constant sur-

veillance and observation of the officers, who will discuss all these matters with him. From this information, 180 men will be chosen out of each newly-forming battalion. Twelve who are particularly fitted to do so will instruct twelve classes of fifteen specialists. While the idea of these specialist courses is to turn out a group of thoroughly competent foremen, the ratings of men selected to teach do not change because of their being chosen as instructors. Advancement in the Seabees comes only in the field for meritorious action—good instructors are likely to be retained at Camp Allen for some time before being attached to a battalion, even though the rest of their group has moved on to Camp Bradford and, eventually, to foreign service.

And if there is one thing a Seabee looks forward to with avidity and impatience, it is foreign service, for he knows that once his battalion has been formed with its officers and enlisted men, and has been declared ready for action, it's action in foreign lands he will get. Seabees don't serve in the continental limits of the United States. That explains why a certain Chief Petty Officer, an expert on Diesel engines, is pretty much fed up with what he terms "fighting the battle of Virginia." Although 48 years old, four times a father, three times a grandfather, and a veteran of the last war, this Chief says he has had enough of instructing others. He has well-laid plans to sell the commanding officer of the next battalion to go through Camp Allen on the idea that he should be sent out to build and fight. And from the looks of him, he *can* build and fight—and there are many others like him.

"Island X," that somewhat cryptic designation for all ultimate Seabee destinations, may mean an island, an isthmus, a peninsula, a continent, or merely



a bridgehead on a beach anywhere in the whole wide world. Besides being sure of service abroad, a Seabee can be pretty positive of action, too, for in one of his earliest lectures he is told: "The purpose and duty of the Construction Battalions are to erect, reconstruct, or repair advance bases, or to expand existing facilities on an island, or possibly some mainland. The area may or may not already be occupied by the Army, the Navy, or the Marine Corps. Seabees may have to clear an area of enemy forces, and their duties may include holding such an area."

Because of these and other exacting possibilities in the future lives of Seabees, Camp Bradford is in existence today. A few miles from Camp Allen, on the sandy, wind-swept shores of Virginia, Bradford is about as near the type of wilderness that the Construction Battalions will later call "home," as anything could be. Acres and acres of pine trees, straggling scrubs, dense undergrowth, swamps, the sea and its salty winds comprise this laboratory of final preparation for Seabee life to come, which may be anywhere from Tunisia to Trinidad to Tulagi Harbor, from Buna to Balboa to Brisbane, from Reykjavik to Rabaul to Rangoon.

Once at Bradford, the battalion really begins to find itself, to get the feel of what it is all about, and to form that individualistic personality that has always made any American fighting unit so particularly outstanding. No longer are they "boots," these men of all trades and ages who are building for America in the far-away places. Seasoned and toughened by their basic training, they now simulate as closely as possible life in the raw, which is life as they will find it for the duration.

The sandy, jungle-like terrain on that raggedy fringe of Virginia offers engineering problems in road construction, erection and usage of living quarters, production of fresh water supplies from the ocean, and numerous other enigmas which result in ideal training and conditioning. They now build their pierheads and floating drydocks from real pontoons instead of models; they erect and tear down storage tanks ranging from 1000 to 10,000 gallons capacity; they dynamite stumps, rocks, and other sections of the scenery; they lay steel mesh roads capable of supporting the heaviest tanks across sandy stretches. The welders, the pipefitters, the electricians, and the draftsmen, the powdermen, the truck drivers, all receive practical instruction under the most realistic conditions.

Eventually, and before the battalion is graduated, there is a simulated attack on a beachhead against "enemy" forces, with both attackers and defenders supplied with plenty of flour bombs, and if you think one of these task force rehearsals is mere child's play, you should be a member of a landing party. Huge

pontoon barges, constructed by the Seabees, are powered with big outboard motors and loaded to the guards with every kind of material, machinery, and supplies that a Seabee outfit would require to effect an actual landing on "Island X," if it were occupied by the real enemy. The only difference is that the barges are loaded from the shore instead of from the transports which will take the battalion to its "Island X." The opposing forces, also Seabees, are

entrenched behind sand dunes, brush, and rocks. The problem is to effect a successful landing, to clear the area of the "enemy," to establish a complete base of living and working quarters, and to construct a 1500-foot airplane runway on the beach—all within 30 consecutive hours!

At the signal, the attacking barges move toward shore, with the men prepared for anything. The scow-like blunt noses of the barges nudge the beach and

Getting Up Nights Makes Many Feel Old Too Soon

If you're feeling out of sorts, Get Up Nights or suffer from Burning Passages, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Nervousness, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes and feel worn-out, the cause may be non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles.

Worry, Colds, working too hard, or over-eating or drinking may create an excess of Acids and overload your Kidneys so that they need help to flush out poisonous wastes that might otherwise undermine your health.

Help Kidneys Remove Acids

Nature provides the Kidneys to clean and purify your blood and to remove excess Acids. The Kidneys contain about nine million tiny tubes or filters through which the heart pumps blood about 200 times an hour, night and day, so it's easy to see that they may get tired and slow down when overloaded.

Fourteen years ago a practicing physician's prescription called Cystex was made available to the public through drug stores, making it easy and inexpensive to help thousands suffering from non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles in these three simple ways: 1. Help the Kidneys remove excess acids which may become poisoning and irritating. 2. To palliate burning and smarting of the urinary passages, and bladder irritation. 3. Help the Kidneys flush out wastes

which may become poisonous if allowed to accumulate, thus aiding nature in stimulating an increase of energy, which may easily make you feel years younger.

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At the same time, if you have not already done so, give notice of change of address to your post adjutant.

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thrust their way up as far as possible. Hundreds of men, now accustomed to their arms and in the best of physical condition, leap overboard and thrash their way through the breakers to land.

The front ends of the pontoon barges unfold into ramps, down which other men dash lugging machine guns, while still others drag light field pieces. Meanwhile, the flour bombs have gone into action. Men on both sides are hit and thereby eliminated from further participation in this maneuver. Some of the invaluable machinery and materials of the landing party are also struck and invalidated for use in the construction problems that lie ahead. However, the enemy is soon overcome by the furious dash and the clever deployment of the landing party, and what was a "battle-field" a moment ago, suddenly and miraculously becomes a hustling, bustling, realistic construction camp.

In far less time than it takes to tell about it, the several specialist groups of the battalion are hard at work building and constructing things. Quonset huts, those metallic-domed, insulated, comfortable structures that have replaced the Nissen huts of the last war, spring up like mushrooms; the enormous evaporator is trundled to shore and begins making fresh water from the salty sea; bulldozers, road-scrapers, and dredges roar down the beach to clear the section for the airplane runway; dynamite crews drill holes under stumps and rocks, set their charges, and slam home their detonating switches to clear offending obstacles out of the way; the rolling kitchen—a far cry from those we knew in France—brings forth appetizing smells of this war's greatly improved version of "slum-gullion;" carpenters barely manage to keep ahead of the concrete crews in the building of forms for gun emplacements, just in

case the "enemy" returns; a one-thousand gallon water storage tank almost seems to erect itself. In short, the "Bees" thoroughly live up to the industriousness attributed to the little fellow in nature from whom they have taken their name.

The day rolls on, muscles become weary, and backs ache, but the battalion is still in there, working hard. Night falls, and with infrequent and dimmed



lights the construction goes on—and on, and ever on. Finally, the job is done, and nearly every man is ready to drop in his tracks. The runway is smooth, serviceable, and ready for planes. The Seabee village is complete with living quarters, lights, power, water, and a temporary sewage system. Food, medical and dental care, laundry facilities, and a supply depot for the ever-rumbling machinery have all been provided. The task is finished, and what was required to be completed in 30 hours has been done in a mere 26, without sleep, with meals on the run, and with the utmost perfection in human cooperation and endeavor.

That was a real "he-man" job. Only men fired with "what it takes" could

accomplish it. But such are the Seabees. Many who volunteer have forsaken high-salaried positions and top wages in favor of a seaman 2d class rating which brings \$54 a month for home service and \$64.80 when abroad. At the other end of the line a chief petty officer commands \$126 in this country and \$151.20 overseas, so it's not for monetary gain that young and older men, fathers and their sons, veterans by the hundreds are joining the Seabees.

It is that "something" which put us all in it last time, that makes all of us want to do it again. It is a "something" the Japs know nothing about, never heard of, and wouldn't understand if they did. It is the "something" that motivates that brand new force the little yellow men set in motion when they began blasting far-away Wake Island December 7, 1941, a force they found well nigh irresistible even then, from a paltry few hundred Marines and a handful of very angry, but ill-armed civilian construction men.

From the hell-let-loose on Wake was born the Seabees, a child of necessity that has grown to manhood in less than a year's time. From the original call for only 3300 men, the Construction Battalions of the Navy now number over 210,000—more than 21 complete battalions. They're all over the world, building for America, preparing the jumping-off places, the re-fueling bases, the air fields for fighting planes, and other installations for the Navy and the rest of our armed forces. With a brief but vivid history thus far, the Seabees will make still more important history in the months to come, and wherever they may be, they will, with Wake Island and other Jap-blasted outposts always in mind, acquit themselves in the best of American traditions.

THE MESSAGE CENTER

(Continued from page 2)

gets a star on his shoulders he's as safe from hostile fire as a civilian in the continental United States. Well, it just ain't so. This comes to us as we think of Jack MacNider, as he is affectionately known up and down and through America, a former National Commander of The American Legion who for the record in the War Department at Washington is Brigadier General Hanford MacNider. Not that Jack is dead. Thank God he isn't, but he was wounded in eight places last November 24th during action around Gona in the island of New Guinea, north of Australia. Despite his protests that he was not badly hurt he was given a quart of blood plasma. The wounds were the result of the explosion of a Japanese grenade which

killed an American enlisted man five feet away from the general.

National Commander Roane Waring, upon being advised that General MacNider had been hit, arranged to have the Army radio send General MacNider this message: "The Legion is proud of you. God bless you. A speedy recovery, and carry on, Jack." And that's what Jack is doing, at last accounts.

Here is the story of how the general was wounded, as told by his aide, Major C. M. Beaver:

"We had been at the forward line where the Americans were laying down a mortar barrage against machine-gun nests, and located two of them. The Japs retaliated with machine-gun fire and mortar fire.

"General MacNider and I were sit-

ting there when we saw a soldier jump into a hole. General MacNider went over to talk to him and was standing only about five feet away.

"There were three blinding explosions.

"All of us were thrown to the ground. The soldier was blown in two. General MacNider was wounded, but the rest of us were unhurt.

"Back in the hospital the general refused to use another blanket, saying some other soldier needed it worse than he. He also complained that other soldiers needed blood plasma more than he did."

General MacNider was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross with cluster in our war, and holds the Silver Star with two clusters and the Purple Heart, as well as foreign decorations

for valor. He went back into active service soon after Pearl Harbor, and although he is 53 years old he is the kind of hombre you'd like to have alongside you when things get tough. The Legion is proud of Jack MacNider, All-American.

SOME time ago Mr. A. J. Carr of Carthage, Indiana, wrote suggesting that every farmer in the nation purchase bonds for an "adopted" soldier from an especially dedicated acreage marked by a sign. It looked like a pretty good idea to us, and we wrote to Secretary of Agriculture Claude R. Wickard asking him for his comment. We have now received from Emery E. Jacobs, Assistant to the Secretary, this note:

"A somewhat similar 'Acre for a Soldier' plan was started by our Farm Security Administration borrowers in Georgia, Alabama, South Carolina, and Florida last March and has been taken up with fine enthusiasm by small farmers in other sections of the country.

"This program started when these small farmers found that each cultivated acre could help support one individual soldier on the firing line, as his outfit required the cotton from one-half to one acre of land, the hide of one steer, the wool of 20 sheep and 'The fur of all the rabbits on your bottom land.' These farmers wanted to think of themselves as standing behind one particular soldier, who was at least partially fed and warmed by the produce of one acre. There were no quotas, no prizes, no competition; no sign or poster was originally suggested but many families made their

own rough 'Acre for a Soldier' signs and placed them in their fields.

"In Marshall County, Alabama, 500 FSA farmers decided at a group meeting to make it a personal dedication to a son, a kinsman, neighbor, or friend. They drew up and signed formal pledges and each dedicated acre was marked with a special shield bearing the stars and stripes and the announcement, 'My Soldier's Acre is Planted Here.' New suggestions came from farmers everywhere the idea was adopted. The Marshall County 'acre' pledge promised to 'tend it with more than ordinary care and to make it produce to its fullest capacity more food for freedom.' In Edgefield County, South Carolina, no one was eligible for an 'Acre for a Soldier' sign until an acre was above standard for the neighborhood or crop, with evidence of special attention.

"In Randolph County, Georgia, the Cuthbert Rotary Club sponsored the idea. The first groups to respond wanted to deliver their hampers of beans and loads of peanuts direct to Uncle Sam, but it was explained to them that it would be best to buy stamps and convert them into bonds. Reports indicate that proceeds of a great many of these dedicated acres are used to purchase war bonds.

"I doubt if it would be practical for all farm families to assign their bonds to someone outside their family. But with this detail left to the individual farm family's discretion, I believe the plan is a worthy one. Any encouragement by The American Legion given such an idea will be effort well expended."

THE EDITORS

General Dickie

TEN years ago Gibson City, Illinois, a town of 2,300 people, was distraught by word passed around that little Dickie Kemple, aged four, was suffering from infantile paralysis. The townsfolk, however, didn't know Dickie then as they do now.

Today Dickie is one of the town's leading citizens, especially each January 30th, when the annual infantile paralysis fund-raising drive climaxes with the celebration of President Roosevelt's Birthday. For every year Dickie and his mother, who is vice-chairman of the Ford County Chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, have arranged a private celebration to help raise money to fight the enemy of childhood.

First, these celebrations weren't big ones. They were held in Dickie's home. His schoolmates were invited and

asked to bring—not birthday presents—but something to aid the fight. One year eighty schoolmates showed up at Dickie's home and since then Dickie's private birthday celebrations have been held each year, as this year, in the public school building.

Now each year little Dickie is the general of an army of children who compete with each other to see who can raise the most money, who run a small broadcasting unit and ask each passer-by what he is doing to help eradicate the last great plague.

Last year the children raised \$169—seven cents for every man, woman and child in the town. From this year's campaign General Dickie hopes to raise a dime or more from everyone—one of the highest per capita records in the nation. General Dickie just doesn't know the word defeat.

Your contribution toward the fight against Infantile Paralysis will be most welcome. Remember that he gives twice who gives quickly. Send your dimes or other sums to the President, The White House, Washington, D. C.

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On every sea of the Seven Seas ships and men are being sent to the bottom by torpedo and gunfire.

In a dozen conquered countries people are starving. American soldiers—*our* soldiers—American women and children—*our own people*, are in concentration camps taking orders from the brutal Japs.

Better drop those rose-colored glasses and look at the facts!

A desperate struggle is ahead of us. We must outmatch our enemies, plane for plane, ship for ship, and gun for gun, otherwise our own country will take its place on the long list of defeated nations.

Our choice is a simple one. *Fight*—or help those who *are* fighting. *Man* a gun or *pay* for that gun. *Drop* a bomb or *pay* for the bomb. With War Bonds. With every single nickel, dime or dollar we can.

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We won't "wait and see" until there's nothing left to see.

"Do it now" is a good American slogan. So let's *do* it!

It's later than you think!



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10% in War Bonds

This space is a contribution to America's all-out war effort by The American Legion Magazine

1943 VICTORY BOOK CAMPAIGN

NATIONAL Commander Roane Waring has pledged the assistance of The American Legion, American Legion Auxiliary, the Forty and Eight, the Eight and Forty and the Sons of The American Legion in the 1943 Victory Book Campaign which is being sponsored by the American Library Association, American Red Cross and United Service Organizations, Inc.

The purpose of the campaign, as announced in these columns in the January issue, is to collect worthwhile reading material for the millions of men and women in active service.

The slogan of the campaign is:

ANY BOOK YOU REALLY WANT TO KEEP IS A GOOD ONE TO GIVE.

QUALITY of books donated will be more important than QUANTITY. These may include current best sellers, mystery and adventure stories, and small-sized editions of popular titles. Technical books, published since 1935, covering such subjects as aeronautics, chemistry, mathematics, mechanical drawing, radio, physics and so on, are also in demand.

The program of the Victory Book Campaign, covering details, has been mailed to every American Legion Post and every American Legion Auxiliary Unit through the respective Department Headquarters. Many Posts and Units are probably already engaged in the campaign, which opened on January 5th, and will continue officially until March 5th, although the collection of books will continue beyond that date.

In communities where Book Campaign committees are not organized, the Legion and Auxiliary are urged to take the lead.

MILT D. CAMPBELL, *Executive Director*
Division of National Defense
The American Legion
Indianapolis, Indiana

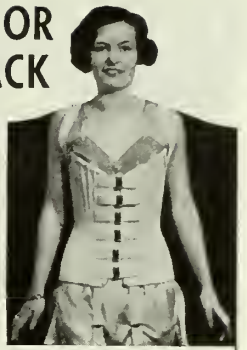


"Gee, Ma, do you want me to grow up with a frustration complex?"

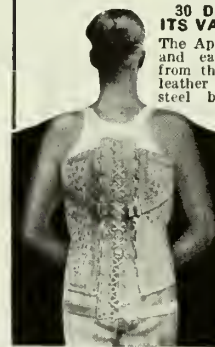
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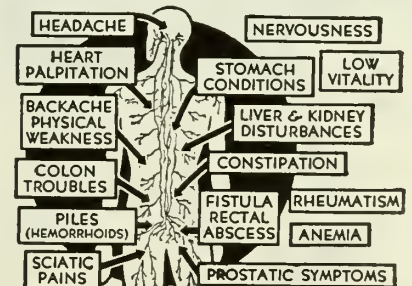
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"Has great, big, strong man got a pound of coffee for poor little me?"

IT'S THE SAME OLD STREET

(Continued from page 32)

where our American Air Production Center was located. The picture he permits us to reproduce is of a De Haviland 4, with a Liberty motor, and was taken at Romorantin. This is his story:

"Perhaps our gang of oldtimers, seeing the present war planes in flight or in newsreels might get a kick out of the enclosed picture of a plane that was considered pretty hot stuff in our war.

"The picture was taken at the Air Production Center at Romorantin, which was an assembly plant. Planes would come over from the States knocked down, the engine in one box, the fuselage in another, the wings in a third. Frequently grass would be growing in the boxes which would always cause some kidding among our gang, the 466th Squadron. So there must have been bottle-necks then, too!

"The buildings of our assembly plant were erected by men who were *not* steelworkers—just the ordinary run of men. What we didn't know or have, we just cut and tried, and got the job done.

"There was a Salvage Plant near our buildings where crashed planes, either of the enemy or of the Allies, would come back by trainloads to be disassembled and melted down to pigs again, but the war ended before we got the furnaces built. I presume the idea was to send metal back to the States in condensed form to use again—a good idea to remember in this present war, considering the metal shortage.

"One incident I recall particularly: The Radio Section of which I was a

member took charge of equipping planes with radios, etc. One day in October, 1918, Lieutenant Arthur told me to get a large case of wind generators from Gièvres *in a hurry*. I mentioned that all our trucks had been sent up front and I didn't know how to get the supplies over. His cryptic reply, 'That's your worry,' taught me a life-long lesson.

"However, by dint of plenty of cigars and chewing tobacco, I persuaded a good, old-fashioned, homespun American teamster, who was filling chuck holes, to use his mule team to move the stuff.

"The strange sight of a mule team parading through that big airplane hangar did something to those mechanics working there, because right away they began to race the plane motors. The reaction of a jackass to all that wind and racket simply meant a mule's hell and those two animals proceeded to make the place into a white wing's paradise. We finally got them quieted and the equipment unloaded—I being much relieved and, yet, much wiser.

"Wonder how many of that old gang may be back in uniform? Let's hear from them."

THEY'VE been working on the railroad—and for all we know, may still be. We're referring to the Martins, one of whom in the group on page 32, sent us the picture, with a rather unusual account of their joint service during our war. We wonder if their situation didn't cause a nice mixup in mail delivery. Anyway, this is what John L. Martin, Finance Officer of Grayling (Michigan)

Post of the Legion, tells us about the picture:

"I am submitting a picture taken in the officers' clubrooms, 35th Engineers, Camp Pullman, La Rochelle, France, in February, 1919.

"These men were all members of the 131st Company, Transportation Corps, Railroad Operating Engineers, and while none of them is related to the other, all of them bore the surname of Martin. From left to right, they are:

"John L. Martin, sergeant 1/c1. (myself), who had been a brakeman on the New York Central Railroad, Grayling, Michigan; Thomas J. Martin, private 1/c1. engineer, Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, Piedmont, West Virginia; John Martin, private, switchman, New York Central, Albany, New York; Edward A. (Whitey) Martin, private, brakeman, Southern Railway, Chattanooga, Tennessee, and William Martin, private, fireman, New York Central, North Tonawanda, New York.

"I may have erred some as to rank and address of some of these fellow-Martins, but it is quite a long time since we soldiered together. Hope they see the picture and report to me.

"The company which included the Martin quintet was formed at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, which was headquarters for the Army railroad men in the United States, and this is where the five Martins first met. After being organized for overseas service, we went to Camp Upton, New York, and then boarded the transport *Empress of Britain* at Hoboken. Aboard our ship were about seventy-five Red Cross nurses and about eight thousand enlisted men and officers. Landing in Liverpool, England, we left immediately by train for Winchester and hiked about five miles—in the rain—to Camp Staddon, a so-called rest camp. There a few days, to Southampton and across the Channel to Le Havre and another British rest camp. Several of our men went AWOL because of the chow—one meal that stands out in memory having consisted of a piece of bread and a half-cup of tea, with

every second man getting a can of sardines to share with the man following him.

"At Le Havre three days, and then to Tours, headquarters of the railroad men in the A. E. F. During our six-day stay there, we were stationed at Camp de Grasse, a German prison camp about five miles from Tours. We visited Tours



nearly every afternoon and evening, and every night at 22:49, a train left for Paris, the first stop being Camp de Grasse. You can well imagine the train was loaded to capacity with every soldier who could find a place to stand or hang—in the compartments, on the running boards, on top of the coaches and all over. You can also imagine the excitement caused by hundreds of railroad men aboard. When the collector stopped at the first American soldier to collect the fare, the only reply was 'pas compre' and so it went. As it didn't take long to reach the Camp, we would all unload, and so far as I recall, there was never a fare collected. It was lots of fun.

"Groups of our men went from Tours

LEGIONNAIRE CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

HARVEY DUNN, *DeWitt Post, Tenafly, New Jersey.*
 ROBERT FRANCIS, *Sayville (New York) Post.*
 WILLIAM HEASLIP, *107th Infantry Post, New York City.*
 PETER B. KYNE, *Merced (California) Post.*
 HERBERT M. STOOPS, *First Division Lieut. Jefferson Feigl Post, New York City.*
 RAY TUCKER, *National Press Club Post, Washington, D.C.*
 A. D. RATHBONE IV, *Fancher Nicoll Post, Pleasantville, New York.*
 J. W. SCHLAIKJER, *Winner (South Dakota) Post.*
 V. E. PYLES, *107th Infantry Post, New York City.*

Conductors of regular departments of the magazine, all of whom are Legionnaires, are not listed.



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VICE PRESIDENT, Box 711, Dept. 11, Fort Worth, Tex.

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all the time to wherever they were needed. But the five Martins still stayed together and were sent with most of our company to the 35th Engineers at Camp Pullman, La Rochelle. The 35th was the outfit that 'built the cars' for the A. E. F. and some of our men worked as car builders, while others did some of the switching, as all our material came from the American Car and Foundry Company in Hammond, Indiana, and had to be hauled inland from La Pallice, the seaport, about seven miles over the French government railroads.

"The French railway depot at La Rochelle was an unfinished stone building, which had been under construction for seven years prior to the start of the war in 1914. It was being built under direction of a German architect. Of course, all operations ceased when war came, but to give an idea of its size, I can report that the 35th used it as their mess and between four and five thousand men were served meals in it three times a day—the main waiting room being used as a mess hall, and the rooms intended for railroad offices as kitchens.

"This picture was brought to light after seeing a picture of a member of the 131st Company, T. C., in the November, 1940, issue of the *Trainmen's Magazine*. It was of Sergeant J. H. Moelk of Dunsmuir, California, a buddy and pal of mine. While looking through my army relics for an address book, I came across this picture. I wrote to Moelk and got a reply. He is enjoying good health and is a conductor on the Southern Pacific Railway at Dunsmuir, and also a charter member of Epps Post of the Legion in Dunsmuir.

"Five Martins in one company, as I recall, caused no confusion. As to the whereabouts of the other Martins now I cannot say, as I have not kept in contact with any of them."

IN THE reissuance of World War I equipment to men in the present Army, quite a number of souvenirs of those olden days have come to light, and we have succeeded in returning some of them to our older comrades. Now we offer a chance to another veteran of our War to recover some snapshot prints which he may now prize. Take a look at one of the pictures we show—strictly non-regulation, we'd say, with the fair damsels wearing campaign hats and one of them, even, with side arms strapped about her waist. Here is how we learned about the pictures—a letter from Phillip R. North, 2d Lieutenant, 142d Infantry, Public Relations Officer of that regiment, written in Camp Bowie, Texas, March 26, 1941:

"Who are the soldiers in the enclosed snapshots? Were they at the last Legion convention? Are they alive today? Do any of their buddies recognize them?



Anyone recognize this soldier or the two fair maidens with him? Where and when was the snapshot taken? This picture and others await the owner

"Men of the 142d Infantry want to know.

"These pictures, along with a number of others developed at Terreson's in Birmingham, Alabama, were tucked away in his rifle belt by a soldier of World War I, and were lost until Private Frank J. Novelli of Galveston, Texas, rummaged around in the pockets of what he thought was a brand-new rifle belt issued to him, and discovered the faded prints.

"If the soldier who owned the pictures, or a friend or member of his family will report, the pictures will be returned.

"I am not a veteran of World War I, and hence have no Legion Post affiliation, although while I was a reporter on the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram*, I had a great deal of contact with the Legion Posts in Fort Worth."

We're sorry this is our first opportunity to reproduce one of the snapshots, because we have no idea where the 142d Infantry may now be stationed. But we do have three of the snapshot prints about which Lieutenant North wrote, and are ready to deliver them to anyone who can prove ownership.

NOW for a report on a previous quest of this kind. You will recall that in Then and Now in the October, 1942, issue we showed two snapshots—one of an officer holding a young child, the other evidently of the same officer and child with its mother and grandmother. These were only two of a batch of snapshot prints found by Legionnaire Archie Davis of Pearson, Georgia, at Camp Lee, Virginia, in 1920,

when he had re-enlisted in the Army after having served with the 321st Field Artillery and 233d M. P. Company during our World War. He wanted to find the owner of the pictures so they could be returned.

Only one letter came to us—from Commander Edward H. Rauch of Harrisburg (Pennsylvania) Post of the Legion, whose headquarters are at 21 South Front Street in that capital city. Said Commander Rauch:

"Concerning the pictures found at Camp Lee, Virginia, which appeared in the last issue of the Legion Magazine, I think the officer is then-Captain, now-Brigadier General Leven C. Allen, Commandant of Infantry, Fort Benning, Georgia. He was at Camp Lee about that time—1920."

We immediately wrote to General Allen sending him a copy of the October issue, and his reply, which shows that he is now Major General Leven C. Allen, Headquarters, The Infantry School, Fort Benning, Georgia, brought this reply:

"The two snapshot pictures reproduced on page sixty-six of the October issue of The American Legion Magazine are of Lieutenant Dwight L. Adams, now deceased. I thank you and Legionnaire Archie Davis for your interest."

We regret very much to know that Lieutenant Adams has gone West—but now we trust that some of our readers may be able to advise us the name and address of the lieutenant's surviving relatives, as I know they will doubly appreciate receiving these pictures.

A "SUSPENDED for the Duration" sign has been hung out by most veteran organizations in so far as reunions are concerned. There are, some outfits whose membership is largely localized, still carrying on, and some regional reunions of national veterans societies are still being scheduled. We are looking forward to being swamped with announcements of "Victory Reunions" just as soon as we win this war.

For details of the following reunions and other activities, write to the Legionnaires whose names are listed:

VETS. OF 314TH INF., AEF—25th annual convention-reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 24-26. Geo. E. Hentschel, natl. secy., 1845 Champlott Av., Philadelphia.

Co. B, 3D OREGON, and 162D INF.—43d annual reunion-banquet, Portland, Ore., Mar. 6. R. E. McEnany, 1101 NW Hoyt St., Portland.

Co. M, 307TH INF.—Annual dinner and reunion, 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th St., New York City, Sat. night, Mar. 13. Henry H. Ringen, 85 Vermilyea Av., New York City.

13TH RY. ENGRS.—14th annual reunion, Aurora, Ill., June 18-20. Jas. A. Elliott, secy.-treas., 721 E. 21st St., Little Rock, Ark.

25TH ENGRS. ASSOC.—All vets invited to join revived Association. Write to Cameron K. McCormick, 2346 N. 6th St., Harrisburg, Pa.

1ST OVERSEAS DET., RY. ENGRS., FT. BENJ. HARRISON, IND.—Proposed vets organization and reunion. Write to M. D. Melch, 307 State Av., Alamosa, Colo.

322D F. S. BN. VETS. ASSOC.—Battalion history and 1942 roster is ready for distribution. For copies, write Julius Merkelbach, 1530 44th Avenue, San Francisco, Calif.

Co. 6, 1ST AIR SERV. MECH. REGT., AEF—4th annual reunion and dinner, Hotel Picadilly, New York City, Oct. 23. Write C. R. Summers, co. clk., 3258 Clearview St., Philadelphia, Pa.

656TH AERO SQDRN.—For "Letter Reunion," write news of yourself and comrades to Hollis L. Townsend, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio. Copies of all letters received will be distributed to the men who report.

14TH DET., AIR SERV., MARINE FIELD, DAYTON, OHIO—Proposed organization and reunion. Report to Ex-Cpl. Samuel J. Kissinger, R. R. 2, Box 683, Joplin, Missouri.

WORLD WAR TANK CORPS ASSOC.—Although reunions have been suspended, the national organization and local Battalions are carrying on. For plans for organization of new Battalions, write Claude J. Harris, chmn., organization comm., 817½ W. 43d St., Los Angeles, Calif., or E. J. Price, natl. adjt., 130 N. Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

Q. M. C., FORT SLOCUM, N. Y.—Proposed reunion and organization of 1917-18 vets. Write M. Vernon Bendet, 87 Peck Av., Newark, N. J. BASE HOSP. 93—Proposed reunion and organization. Walter T. Togni, P. O. Box 372, Santa Barbara, Calif.

NATL. Otranto-Kashmir ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Muscatine, Iowa, Oct. 3. A. H. Telford, secy., Galesburg, Ill.

RESERVE MALLET ASSOC.—To complete new roster, for early distribution, send name and address to J. E. Daily, natl. secy., 1292 Chalmers Av., Detroit, Mich. Proposed reunion Norwalk, Ohio, June 12-13.

U. S. S. Leviathan VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion dinner of World War crew, Rutley's Restaurant, 40th St. & Bdwy., New York City, Sat., Mar. 20. All officers and men send reservations to R. L. Hedlander, secy., Greenwich, Conn.

NORTH SEA MINE FORCE ASSOC., INC.—Regional reunion and stag dinner, Hotel New Yorker, New York City, Feb. 9, to commemorate landing of first American sailors at Base 18. Write to Geo. H. (King) Cole, secy.-treas., New York Chapter, 203 E. 26th St., New York City.

JOHN J. NOLL
The Company Clerk

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A denture wearing chemist, who suffered from loose plates, and sore gums, decided to do something about it. The result, after long research and experiment, is DENTYTE, a revolutionary resilient rubberlike substance that perfectly shapes to the mouth even the poorest fitting plates, giving undreamed of comfort. It is odorless, tasteless, and may safely be used on any type plate. One application lasts for months. Instantly removable without solvents or scraping. Full size jar—a year's supply for one plate, (6 months for two) postpaid, only \$1.00. If not satisfied after 30 days trial, return unused portion, for full refund.

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All Blooming Size Plants. Only 25¢ Postpaid. Worth \$1.00. Most complete assortment of Charming House Plants in America; over 250 varieties including "Grandmother's Old Favorites" and late introductions, featured in our Big Plant, Seed and Nursery Catalog, sent to you FREE.
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THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

FINANCIAL STATEMENT November 30, 1942

Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit.....	\$ 569,167.72
Accounts Receivable	128,385.77
Inventories	158,073.17
Invested funds	2,690,925.02
Permanent Investment:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	217,197.97
Office building, Washington, D. C., less depreciation	123,970.98
Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less depreciation	43,419.92
Deferred charges	33,994.74
	\$3,965,135.29

Liabilities, Deferred Revenue and Net Worth

Current liabilities	\$ 76,613.08
Funds restricted as to use.....	37,559.15
Deferred revenue	593,765.68
Permanent trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	217,197.97
Net Worth:	
Restricted capital... \$2,666,470.17	
Unrestricted capital.. 373,529.24	\$3,039,999.41
	\$3,965,135.29

FRANK E. SAMUEL, National Adjutant

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C. E. Brooks, Inventor

Why worry and suffer any longer? Learn about our perfected invention for all forms of reducible rupture in men, women and children. Support fitted with automatic air cushion assists Nature in a natural strengthening of the weakened muscles. Thousands made happy. Weighs but a few ounces, is inconspicuous and sanitary. No stiff springs or hard pads. No salves or plasters. Durable, cheap. **Send on trial** to prove it. Beware of imitations. Never sold in stores or by agents. Write today for full information and Free Book on Rupture. All correspondence confidential.

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BURSTS

ONE MAN'S BURST IS
AND DUDS
ANOTHER MAN'S DUD

ULYS WEBB of Galentine-Price Post, Skiatook, Oklahoma, says that a neighbor rushed into the Palace bar and called for a shot of red-eye. The bartender placed a bottle and glass within reach, then turned a kindly ear.

"I've just come from home," said the agitated patron. "Mrs. Brown has been there. She and my wife were dragging Mrs. Smith over the coals for the way she treats Smith, but I didn't say anything. After Mrs. Brown went home my wife said, 'What are you grinnin' about?' You can't explain some things to a woman. No, sir. And, yes, it's none of your business how I got this bump on the back of my head!"

LEGIONNAIRE Milton R. Epstein of Daylight Post, Los Angeles, opines that, in the light of the progress of the African campaign and choice of commander of the air forces there, no one can say that it is another case of "Doo-little and Too Late."

THE war production is being stepped up, says Legionnaire H. M. Litherland of Moorehead, Minnesota. The efficiency of the assembly line is truly amazing. Even the Army physical exams are being speeded up. One doctor looks in one ear, another doctor looks in the other. If they can see each other, they reject the man!

ROBERT WYNNE of Dodge County Post, Eastman, Georgia, reports that an inductee was being questioned by a well-wishing friend about his entry into the Army. "How did you get in?" he was asked.

"Through the C. C. C.," was the terse reply.

"But," persisted the questioner, "the Civilian Conservation Corps men were not transferred to the Army."

"Can't help it," insisted the soldier. "The C. C. C. got me anyway—Caught, Conscripted and Carried!"

LEGIONNAIRE R. Everett Whitson of Briarcliff Manor, New York, makes a hobby of collecting newspaper headline bulls and blunders. Here are a few: "Lewis Wins and Loses Union Suit," *San Antonio Express*; "Scent Foul Play in Death of Man Found Bound and Hanged," *Toledo Times*; "Local Man has Longest Horns in All Texas," *North Fort Worth News*, and "Officer Convicted of Accepting Bride,"

Raleigh News and Observer.

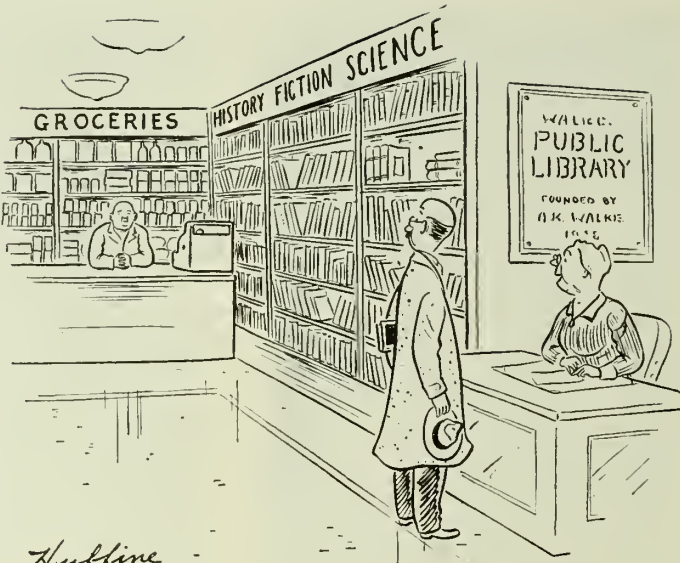
TRUTHFUL J. E. Jennings of Phoenix, Arizona, says it happened to him. He had applied for admission to a Veterans Administration Facility for treatment. After waiting some days he was advised that his application had been approved and that a hospital bed had been reserved for him. But—in the same mail he received a circular from a local crematory telling him how wonderful it is to be cremated!

MAURICE (ROSEY)

ROSENWALD, New York's Navy Post Past Commander, tells a story about Shipmate Barney Hitzel, in the Post's *Port O' Call*. Barney's wife found him one evening standing by the new baby's crib, looking down at the sleeping infant. Silently she watched him—she saw in his face, or thought she did, a mixture of emotions—rapture, doubt, despair, ecstasy and incredulity. Touched and wondering alike at this unusual parental attitude, she said: "A penny for your thoughts!"

"For the life of me," Barney exploded in an oracular tone, "I can't see how anybody can make a crib like that for two dollars and ninety-eight cents!"

WHEN he was of schoolboy age, Tom Hickey, Grand Chef de Gare of the Illinois Forty and Eight, was more



Huffine

"We had to do something—we gave so many books to the boys in camp."

than pleasingly plump, reports Legionnaire Andy Bowen of Hill-Emery Post, Quincy. He turned in a school paper that was a mess. The teacher handed it back and with biting sarcasm said: "You are better fed than taught!"

"Yes'm," cheerfully replied Tommy. "I feed myself."

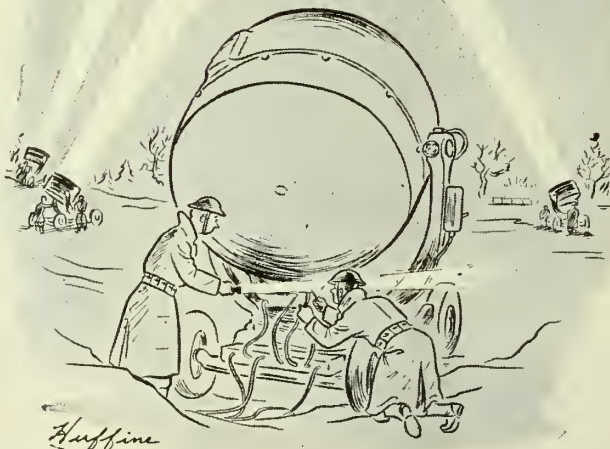
LEGIONNAIRE John F. Glover, who keeps track of the marvels of theater signs in the Morgantown, West Virginia, sector, reports that a local house has crashed through with another startler: "Geo. Washington Slept Here with J. Benny."

PRIVATE Goofby reported at the infirmary, as he did about once every week, in the Morgantown, West Virginia, sector, reports that a local house has crashed through with another startler: "Geo. Washington Slept Here with J. Benny."

so he just looked wise. "Bad, Private Goofby, it's very bad," he began. "Now to cure yourself just follow my instructions. The first thing on going to bed at night raise yourself softly on your elbows then gently, but firmly, bite yourself in the nose!"

"SOME twenty-odd years ago," says Commander Harry F. Ephraim of Beacon Post, Los Angeles, California, "I was a member of a boot company taking 'squads right' at the old Brooklyn Navy Yard. The instructor was an old timer from the days of wooden ships and iron men.

"The boots were just about average; at the command 'right face' half of the squad would turn to the left. Finally the old salt blew up. He hitched up his pants, spat on his hands and bellowed: 'When I say 'right face,' face the Jersey side, you gum-witted sons of aggravation!'"



Huffine

Commuters' Special, 1943



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Crash helmet, coveralls, Camels — they're "standard equipment" with this tank driver. That's a General behind him — a "General Lee."



Ski champion, U. S. Army model 1943. His cigarette is a flavor champion of many years' standing — Camel — the Army man's favorite.



"Tell it to the Marines!" And this Marine paratrooper, with his parachute pack, will tell you the favorite pack with Marines is Camel.



Dolphins on this sailor's right sleeve mean undersea service. "Pigboat" is his word for submarine — "Camel" for his favorite smoke.

Standard Equipment

IN THE ARMY
IN THE NAVY
IN THE MARINES
IN THE COAST
GUARD

Camel

FIRST IN THE SERVICE

With men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is CAMEL. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens.)



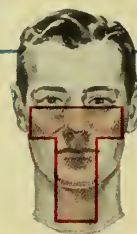
On the right sleeve of these men, above, there's a small white shield. That means Coast Guard. And with men in the Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel.



Take a jouncing Jeep, a Johnny Doughboy — an "I'd walk a mile" grin — add 'em all up and you get CAMEL — the fighting man's favorite.



On land — on sea — yes, and in the air, too, the favorite is Camel. As this high-altitude Army bomber pilot says: "Camels suit me to a 'T'!"



The "T Zone"
where cigarettes
are judged

The "T-ZONE" — Taste and Throat — is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only your taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you... and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Prove it for yourself!

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